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SUPER SPECIAL

BLADE RUNNER PARODY IN THIS ISSUE!!

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CRAZY

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Jack Sparling's PANTOMIME PROLOGUE

THE POWER

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Vol. 1 No. 91
October 1982

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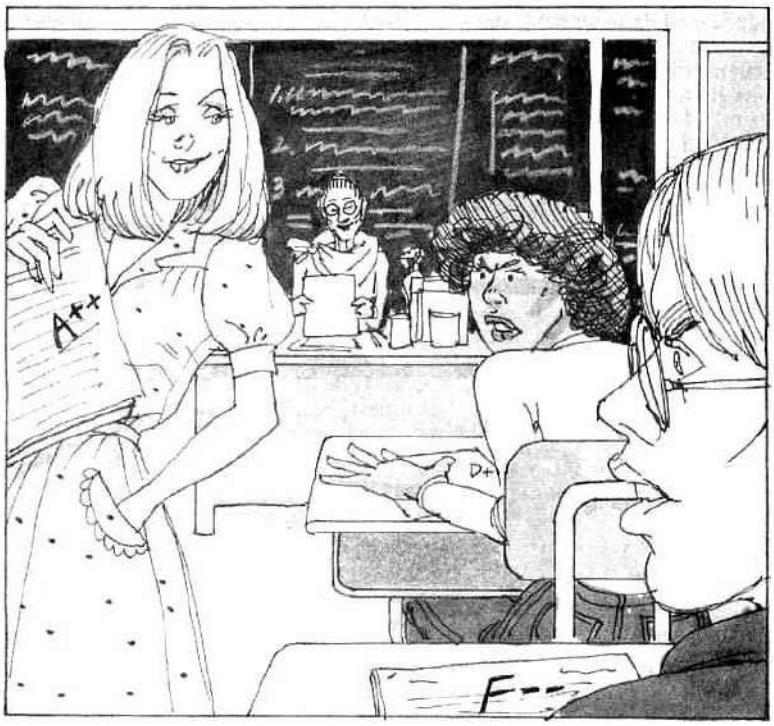
JIM SHOOTER *editor-in-chief of unfailingly tall things*
WRITERS & ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:
an unusually obstreperous bunch of berserker buffoons



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TAKE a LETTER TO CRAZY

CUBE KUDOOS

Dear Mr. Clown,

Your magazine cracks me up! The cover of issue #87 was hilarious, and the *Crazy* solution to the cube was as simple as one-two-six.

Mike Delaney
Evans Mills, N.Y.

Dear Crazy,

I can solve the cube without your *Crazy* solution!

Trisha O'Conner
Seattle, WA.

Well, goody for you. —Ed.

Dear Sirs:

In issue #87 *"Dragtime"* was very good, and so was *"The Kill Street Blahs"*. However, you made a mistake on the cover. On the piece that is being put in you have three colors. You should only have one color, and it should already be attached, dummies!

Anto Simonetti
Durham, N.C.

Right you are, Anto! Your No-Prize should arrive shortly! —Ed.

Dear Crazy,

I used the cube solution in issue #87 and it worked good, only one thing though; you can't turn the cube again.

Dan Doehling
Eagan, MN.

Dear Crazy,

I just finished reading issue #87. It was terrific. I loved your parody of *Hill Street Blues*. Also, *"Night Tables Of The Stars"* was great! *"The Rising Fault of the Roaming Vampire"* was hilarious also.

Rob Bennett
Providence, R.I.

Dear Crazy People,

I just got issue #87, and I was not at all satisfied with the *Hill Street Blues* parody. The writer of *Teen Hulk* must have been fired because it was terrible. The *Dirk McGirks* was okay, so was the *"Origin Of Obnoxio"*.

Jason Payne
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Crazy,

I just got done reading issue #87, and I think you are the dumbest people in the world. I read your parody of *Hill Street Blues*, and I don't think it was very nice of you to make fun of them. I bet your magazine has never won eight awards.

Nathan Bough
Ovid, MI.

Ya got a point there, Nate... —Ed.

Sir(s),

(1) A simpler and crazier solution to the cubic's rube *(sic)* exists (than your June reverse cover)! After the victim has observed the jumbled cube, obtain a master hypnotist who will proceed to convince victim that his brain's periferal system has rearranged the visual inputs of the six faces and they are now each mono-colored. Next, hypnotist convinces victim that he observed hypnotist "solve" cube normally, over a 6-minute period, but he has forgotten observing this. Lastly, the hypnotist tells the victim that he will awaken, and upon doing so will suddenly remember the hypnotist "solving" the cube. His new problem is to figure out how the cube is now mixed up, without his observing it's becoming "unsolved"!

(2) Light doesn't move, not anything else, only the mind moves. Nez Msiddub.

B.D. Logodox
Marshalltown, IO.

Okay, people, let's take great pains to stay away from this guy. Saner sentiments were submitted by Mark Woods of Pleasant Valley, MO.; Russell Hourge of Traveler's Rest, S.C.; Tim Buggs of Rochester, N.Y.; Mike Foster of San Jose, CA.; Eran Redick of Valpraiso, IN.; Sharon Maring of Augusta, GA.; Chris Hilton of Candia, N.H.; Sam Lynch of Nanjemoy, MD.; Jack Flukinger III of Bedford, TX.; and Joe DeBisceglie of the Bronx, N.Y. —Ed.

CARLIN'S CANIPTIOUS CUTUPS

Dear Crazy,

I really enjoyed issue #87, especially *Dirk McGirk's History Report*. It reminds me of my own reports. Are Dirk's reports really Obnoxio's eight grade reports in disguise?

Crazy Chris Camph
El Cerrito, CA.

No, Chris, we prefer to think of them as de-coded Pentagon *papers. —Ed.*

Dear Crazy,

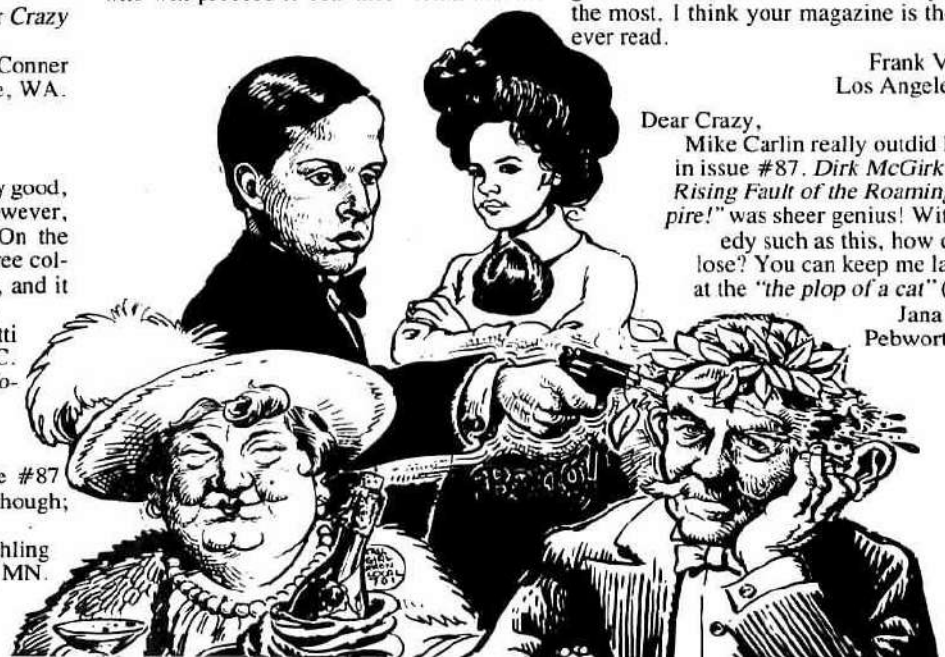
I read issue #87. I thought it was very good! I liked *Dirk McGirk's History Report* the most. I think your magazine is the best I ever read.

Frank Vasquez
Los Angeles, CA.

Dear Crazy,

Mike Carlin really outdid himself in issue #87. *Dirk McGirk's "The Rising Fault of the Roaming Vampire!"* was sheer genius! With comedy such as this, how can you lose? You can keep me laughing at the *"the plop of a cat"* (ha ha).

Jana Combs
Pebworth, KY.



WHOOPS!

Dear Mom
(and all my regular readers, too):

I imagine that a number of you were somewhat distressed by the fact that my *"Dr. Strange Game Of Mystic Power"* (as published in issue #88) was totally unplayable. Believe me— it didn't start out that way. However, certain mistakes were made once the script for that piece left my hands.

For example, the twelve panels on pages 78 and 79 were supposed to be numbered so that these panels would correspond to the numbered spaces on the game board, the six panels on page 78 sporting the numerals 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 respectively, and the six on page 79 numbered 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13. In addition, in the panel now numbered 4, instead of "proceed to Panel Six," it should say, "Proceed to Panel Seven," but somewhere along the line somebody decided to "improve" my script by changing the "Seven" to a "Six," even though this so-called improvement is one of the main reasons why the game became unplayable.

However, if you add what I've said in this letter to what it says in issue #88, you should finally be able to play the game. Have fun. And please accept my sympathy for any confusion, delay and/or frustration this regrettable mess may have caused you.

Sincerely,
Steve Skeates
Alfred, N.Y.

FROM WHENCE CAME THE CLOWN

Dear Crazy,

I'm glad you finally published *"The Origin Of Obnoxio"*. It was a very interesting autobiography, and I'm glad that all you guys (especially Stan Lee) gave him a new lease on life. Thanks to you, Obnoxio is the best-loved pea-brain ever!

Aix Rankus
Dallas, TX.

P.S.— If Obnoxio's coming to see me, I may soon be the best-loved *dead* pea-brain ever.

Dear Crazies,

I recently subscribed to your yock rag and I think it's terrific except for that gross excuse for a clown, Obnoxio. In issue #87 I read *"The Origin Of Obnoxio"*. Why lie, guys? Tell us where you *really* got him. Maybe at an ugly contest? C'mon, tell us.

James Thacker
Franklin, VT.

Dear Crazy,

Are you sure that was *really* Obnoxio's origin? I have word from a mystic traveling gypsy/shoe salesman that Obnoxio was born and raised in Stan Lee's garbage can.

Gary W. Conner
Waynesboro, VA.

RIFF RAFF RAVES

Dear Crazy,

The first time I ever read your magazine was issue #59. I have a suspicious feeling that you make these letters up. I bet you don't even read the real letters you get. I'd like to see you try to prove it otherwise!

Deborah Gitlitz
1909 Windsor Drive
Bloomington, IN, 47401

Okay. All those wondering if our letters are real may write Ms. Gitlitz to find out. —Ed.

GREEN MAIL

Dear Sirs:

I think that the *Teen Hulk* episode in issue #87 was terrific! However, I loved *Behemoth Jack* the most.

Kori Klyman
Philadelphia, PA.

Dear Crazy,

In issue #87, I really liked the *Teen Hulk* episode because it stinks.

Love,
Debbie Kaluzny
Chicago, IL.

Dear Crazy,

I think those fools who write in and say that your magazine is stupid are a little off their rocker and don't have all their marbles. I just started reading your magazine, and I think it's the best magazine on the stand. Your *Teen Hulk* section in issue #87 was very funny, and that solution to the cube was a riot.

Robbie Berkbigler
Perryville, MO

OBNOXIO'S ABUSE COLUMN

Unwanted Sleazebag,

You must think you're something special 'cause you got your face stuck on the cover of this stupid magazine. The only reason you're still around is because they need a mop to sweep the floor with. You look like somebody used you as a target in an archery contest. I saw your mom yesterday and she was digging through the trash cans we have out back. Your dad killed himself because he thought he had a goat for a son.

Victor Ricker
Hollidayburg, PA.

Oooooh, I'm DYYYYYYYYYING! I've been skewered by the rapier wit o' Hollidayburg, PA! Feh! Get off yer Cossack and get wid the pogrom, Victor! Mops, and moms and archery targets just don't make it anymore in the higher echelons of epithetical vituperators! You're play' wid the big boys now and we don't give out lollypops for second best. We don't even give the time o' day fer first place! So put on the ol' thinkin' cap and come up wid some real abuse ta fry my brains and let us despense wid the sissy stuff!

Yer pal,
O.T.C.

Address all hate mail to "Obnoxios' Abuse Column" c/o the address below (and if you send us your picture, he'll make fun of that, too!"). —Ed.

Warning: Sending letters to this column indicates the sender's willingness to be abused. Publicly. Where all the sender's friends and relatives can see. Yup. Right here. And, if you don't include your name and address, we won't even consider possibly getting around to look at it. Nope.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO ALL MAGAZINE RETAILERS:
MARVEL COMICS GROUP has a **Retail Display Plan** available to all retailers interested in receiving a display allowance on its magazines participating in the plan. To obtain full details of the formal contract, please write to **Gerald A. Steinberg**, Vice-President Finance, **Curtis Circulation Co., 841 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA. 19107.** Under the Retail Display Plan, in consideration of your acceptance and the fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon your request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective with all issues of **Crazy** delivered to you subsequent to the date your written acceptance of the formal Marvel Comics Group Retail Display Agreement is received and accepted by Curtis Circulation Co., 841 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA., 19107.

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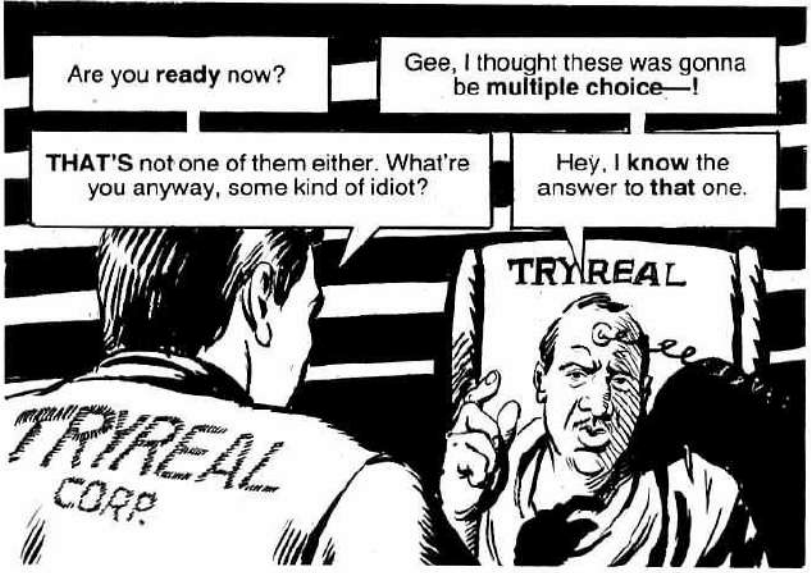
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016



Whatever happened to the **good ol' days** of cinema, when stories were **boy meets girl,** girl **dumps** boy, boy **marries** girl? **Nowadays,** the trend's more like boy hunts **thing,** thing runs away from boy, boy **kills thing...** and leave it to **Harrison Ford,** for cryin' out loud, to take **advantage** of that in every sci-fi flick that comes along, like...

BLADE

Awright, **Blecchard,** the captain told me to bring you in. You're under **arrest.**

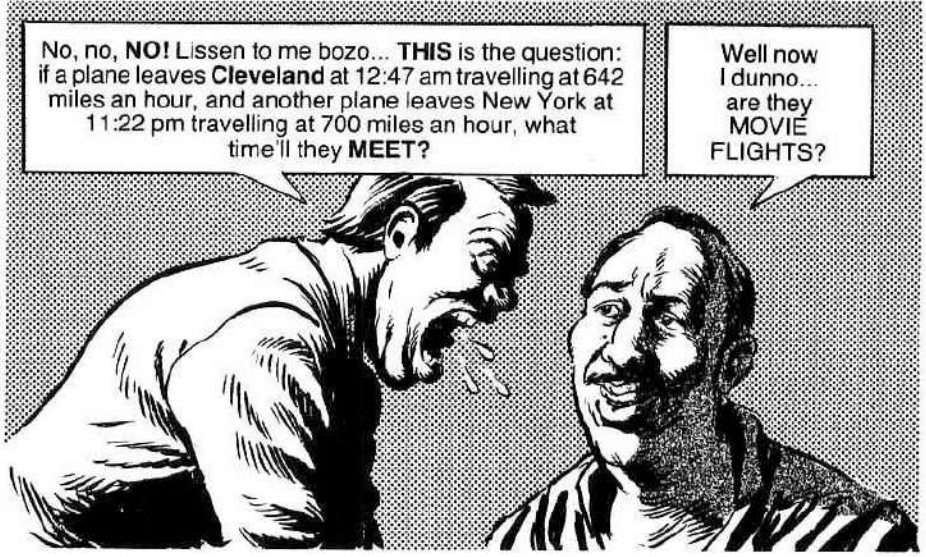
No thanks, fella. I don't use **ketchup!**

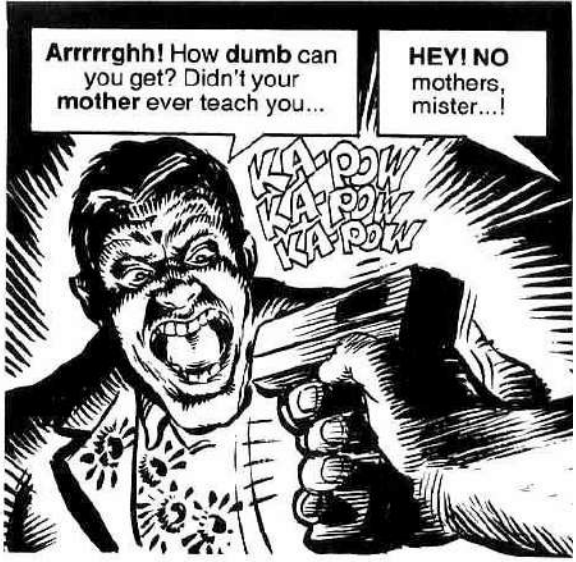
He say you bein' **busted,** Blecchard. You **go** with him... but don't **forget** to leave **waiter** great big **tip,** okay?

BOW TIE

BOB CAMP

SUSHI KING EAT IT RAW!





BUMMER

Writer: Paul Kupperberg Artist: Bob Camp

Captain Bryant says you should come or it's **okay** if I **break your face** and wrap your **tongue** around your **ankles!**

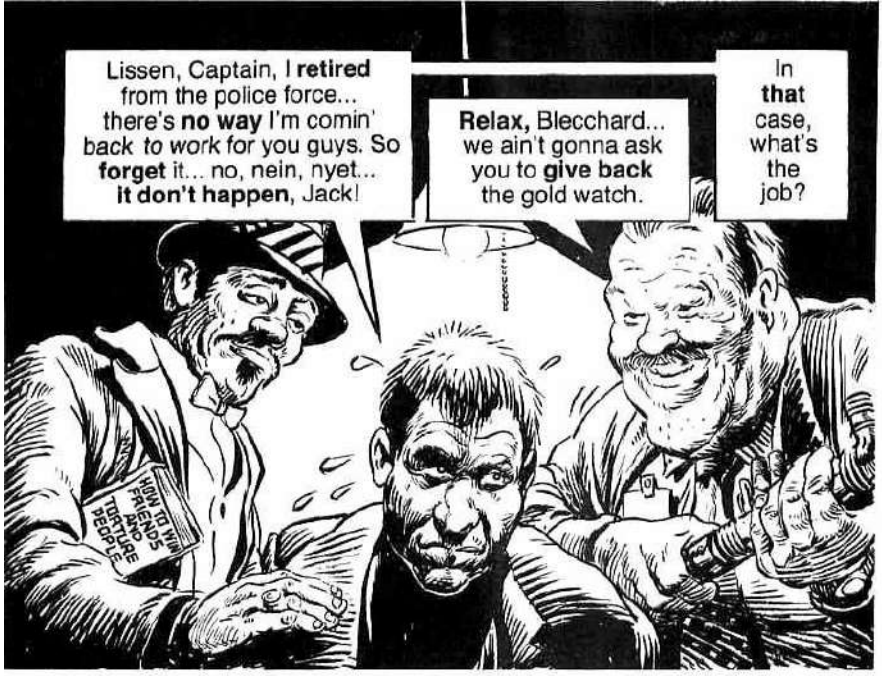
Hey, now don't try and **sweet-talk** me, buster!

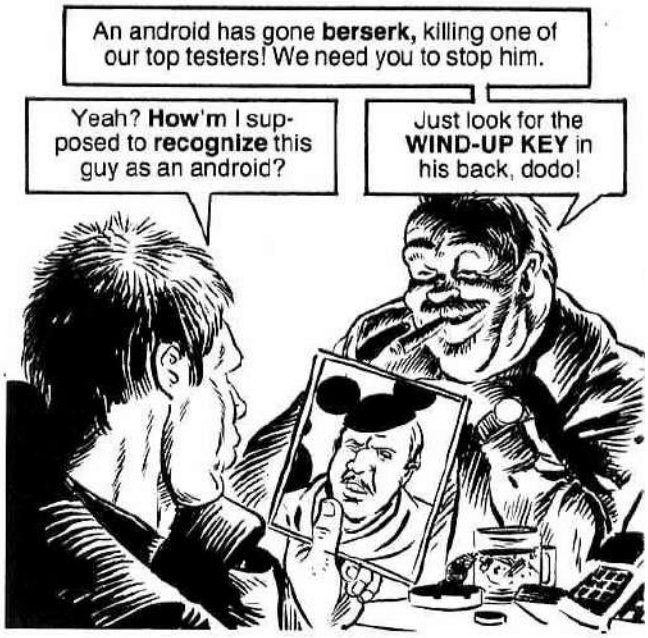
He say he be no more **mis-tah-nice-guy** you don't come, Blecchard... **especially** you no leave waiter big, okay-dokay **tip,** okay?

SUSHI KING

BARF BAGS 1.00

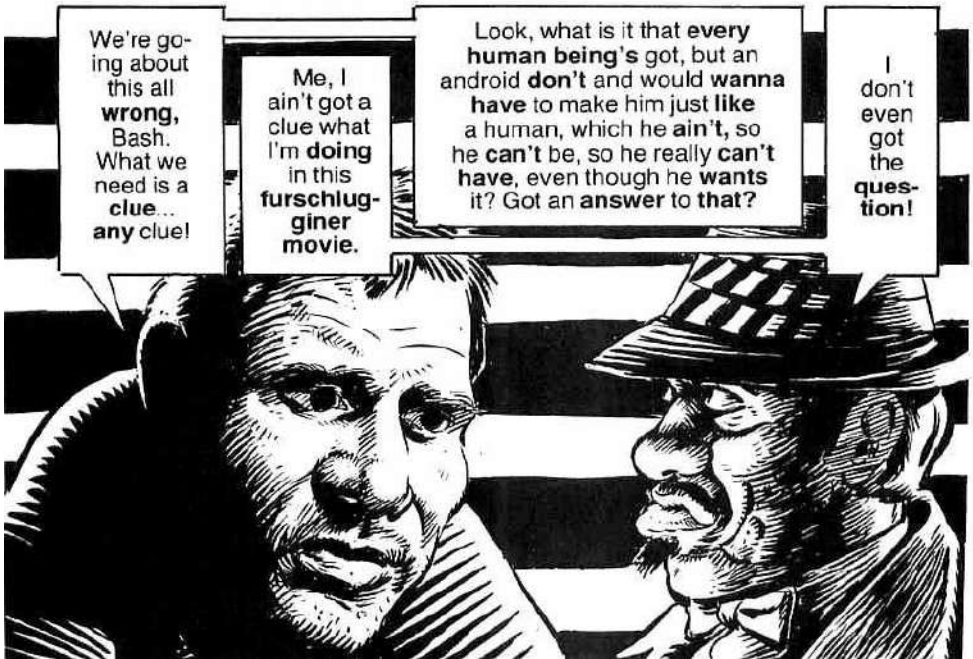
SUSHI KING. L. HAMA


Lissen, Captain, I **retired** from the police force... there's **no way** I'm comin' back to work for you guys. So **forget** it... no, nein, nyet... **it don't happen**, Jack!
Relax, Blecchard... we ain't gonna ask you to **give back** the gold watch.
In **that** case, what's the job?
HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND TORTURE PEOPLE


An android has gone **berserk,** killing one of our top testers! We need you to stop him.
Yeah? **How'm** I supposed to **recognize** this guy as an android?
Just look for the **WIND-UP KEY** in his back, dodo!

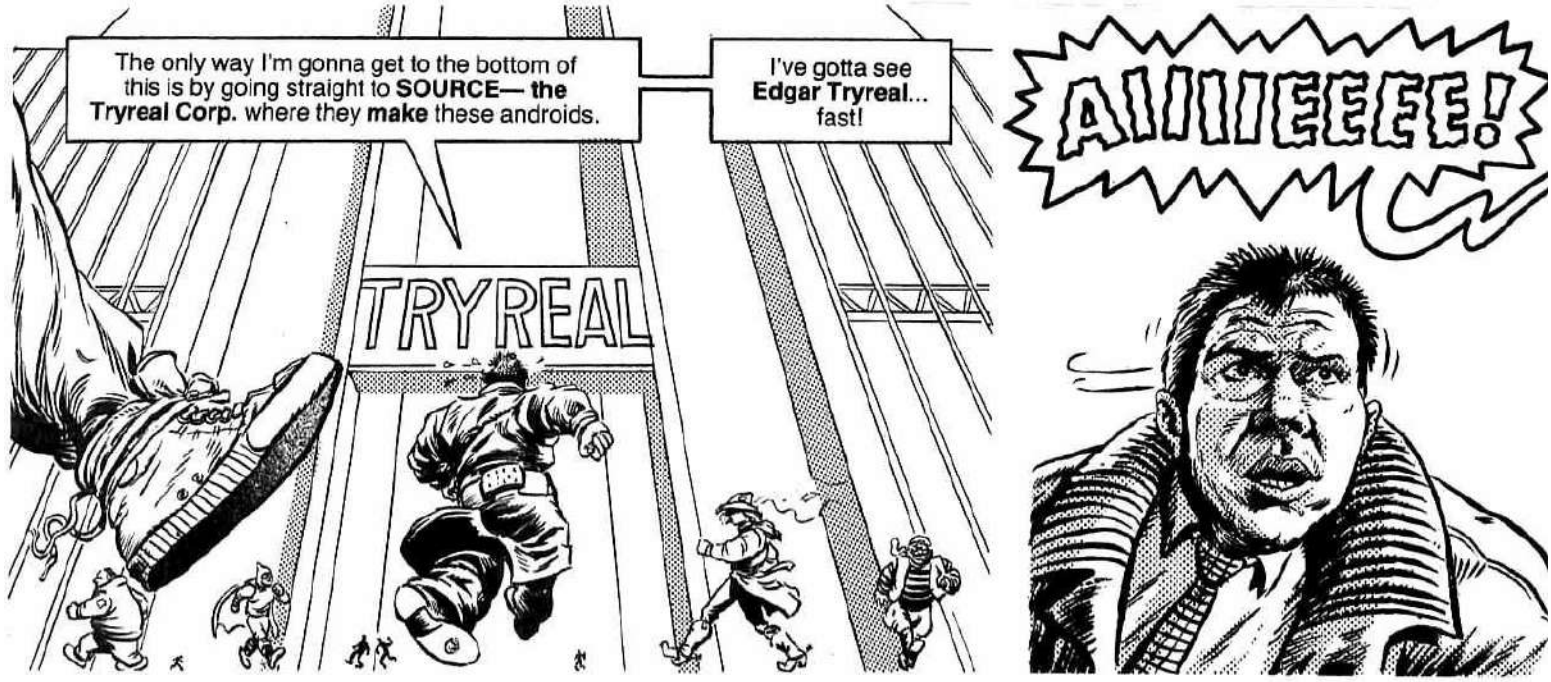
We'll **start** looking for them renegade androids here, Bash. One of them's supposed to live here.
Okay— but I get the feeling we're not ...**alone.**
Lissen, man, I'm an **experienced,** top-notch cop, y'know? **If** we were being **followed,** don't you think **I'd know it?**
Tee-hee!

Nothing here, Blecchard. Where'd you think them crafty little devils are **hiding?**
Relax, Bash. If they're around, **I'LL** find 'em... er, did you check under the **soapdish** in the shower?

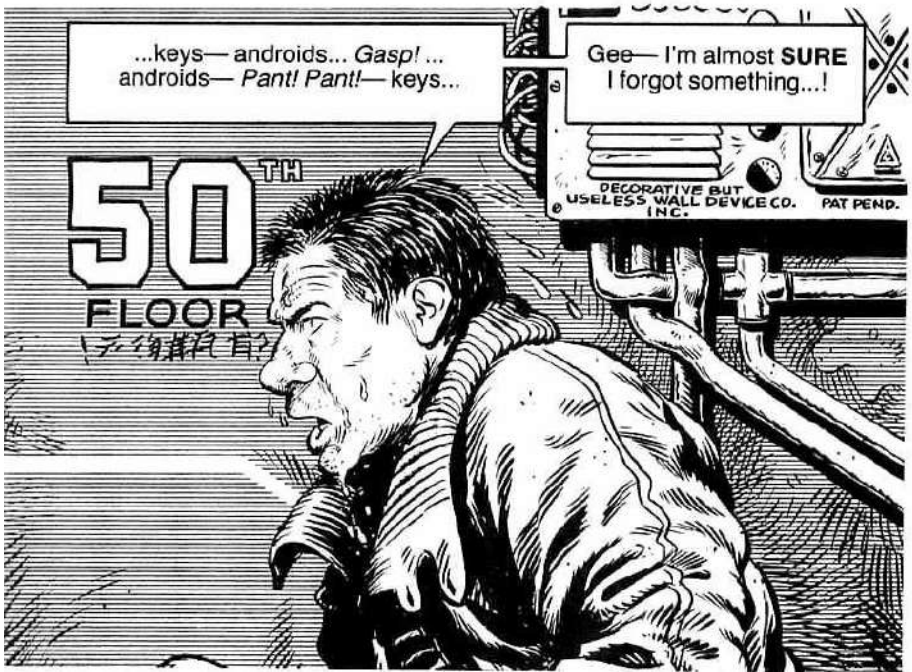

We're going about this all **wrong,** Bash. What we need is a **clue**... **any** clue!
Me, I ain't got a clue what I'm **doing** in this **furschlugginer movie.**
Look, what is it that **every human being's** got, but an android **don't** and would **wanna have** to make him just **like** a human, which he **ain't,** so he **can't** be, so he really **can't have,** even though he **wants** it? Got an **answer** to **that?**
I don't even got the **question!**

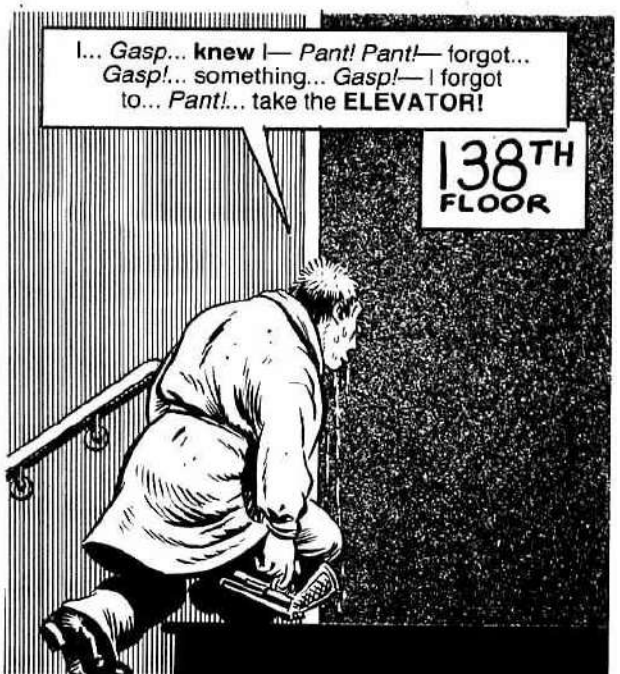
Wrong, **wrong, WRONG!** The only thing **we** got that **they** don't got is... ta-da... **KEYS TO THE MEN'S ROOM!**
But... that's **silly!**
You want things to make **SENSE**...? Get a job in **"On Golden Pond!"**
CRACK

This is gettin' me **nowhere.** Man, why'd I ever **trade in the Millenium Pigeon** for **this job?**
'Scuse me, pally. B-but could you lend an old man your **key to the men's room?**
Ah-**HA!** So, you sneaky old **an-droid** you — you thought you could pull the ol' **polyester** over my eyes, huh?! **Forget it,** chum... I'm a **trained android-killer.** I can spot you a **mile** away! Take **that**... an' that... an' **some'a that...!**
Oy! Thank goodness I didn't ask for a **QUARTER...**
K-POW POW POW
BANG BANG
More of 'em! **Gadzooks...** I'm surrounded by androids. **Good thing** I'm a trained android-killer or this could be trouble...!
Boy, the old **Blechard-touch** ain't been lost!
POW
FISH CREAM BARS
BANG POW
BLAM
Hiya, Captain. Have I got a **suprise** for you. Lookit **all** these nasty androids I **kilt!**
Mama mia...
Awright, so I made one **teensy-tiny** little **mistake**... so the androids are the ones **WITH** the wind-up keys in their backs...!
Boy, is the captain ever **touchy**...!
OBNOXY GLOWS
OBNOXY BURGERS
COPS
BOOT!

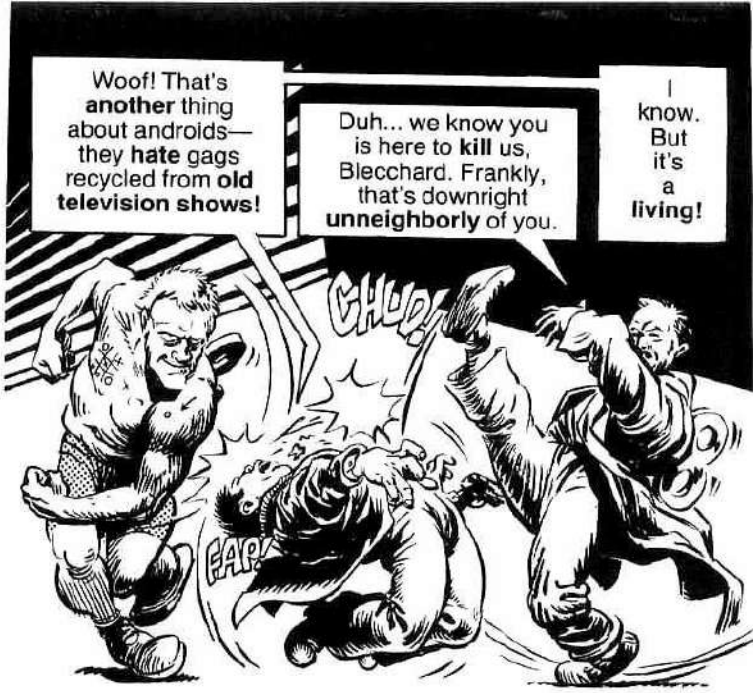

The only way I'm gonna get to the bottom of this is by going straight to **SOURCE— the Tryreal Corp.** where they **make** these androids.
I've gotta see **Edgar Tryreal**... fast!
TRYREAL
AIIIIEEEE!

SPLAT!
It didn't have to be **THAT FAST!**
This time I'm gonna get those lousy androids, yes siree-bob! They can't fool me **twice.**
...lemme see now, the ones **with** the keys are the androids ...keys— androids... androids— keys...
Hmm ...I think I **forgot** something...!


...keys— androids... *Gasp!* ... androids— *Pant! Pant!*— keys...
Gee— I'm almost **SURE** I forgot something...!
50TH FLOOR
DECORATIVE BUT USELESS WALL DEVICE CO. INC.
PAT PEND.

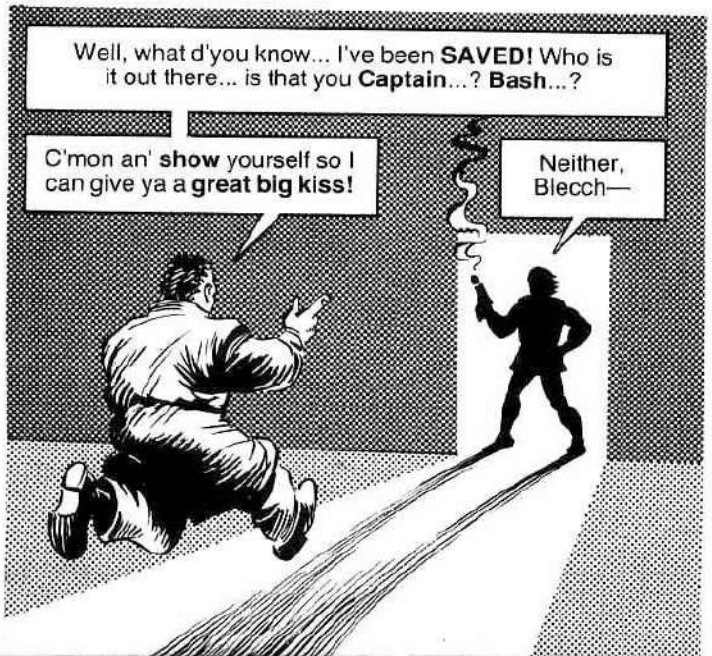

I... *Gasp*... **knew** I— *Pant! Pant!*— forgot... *Gasp!*... something... *Gasp!*— I forgot to... *Pant!*... take the **ELEVATOR!**
138TH FLOOR

Awright, 'droids ...it's the **fuzz!** **Don't move.** We've got your surrounded by a **platoon of police!**
Ha! I don't **believe** you!
Would you believe, **half** a platoon and a bunch of **Boy Scouts?**
WHAM!


Woof! That's **another** thing about androids— they **hate** gags recycled from **old television shows!**
Duh... we know you is here to **kill** us, Blecchard. Frankly, that's downright **unneighborly** of you.
I know. But it's a **living!**
CHUD!
FAP!

Uh-oh! **Bullets don't stop this model.** I think I *might* be in **trouble**...!
Look at it **this** way, Blecch— think of the **money** you'll save on **rent from now on!**
KA-POW
KA-POW
BLAM
POW
BAM
POW

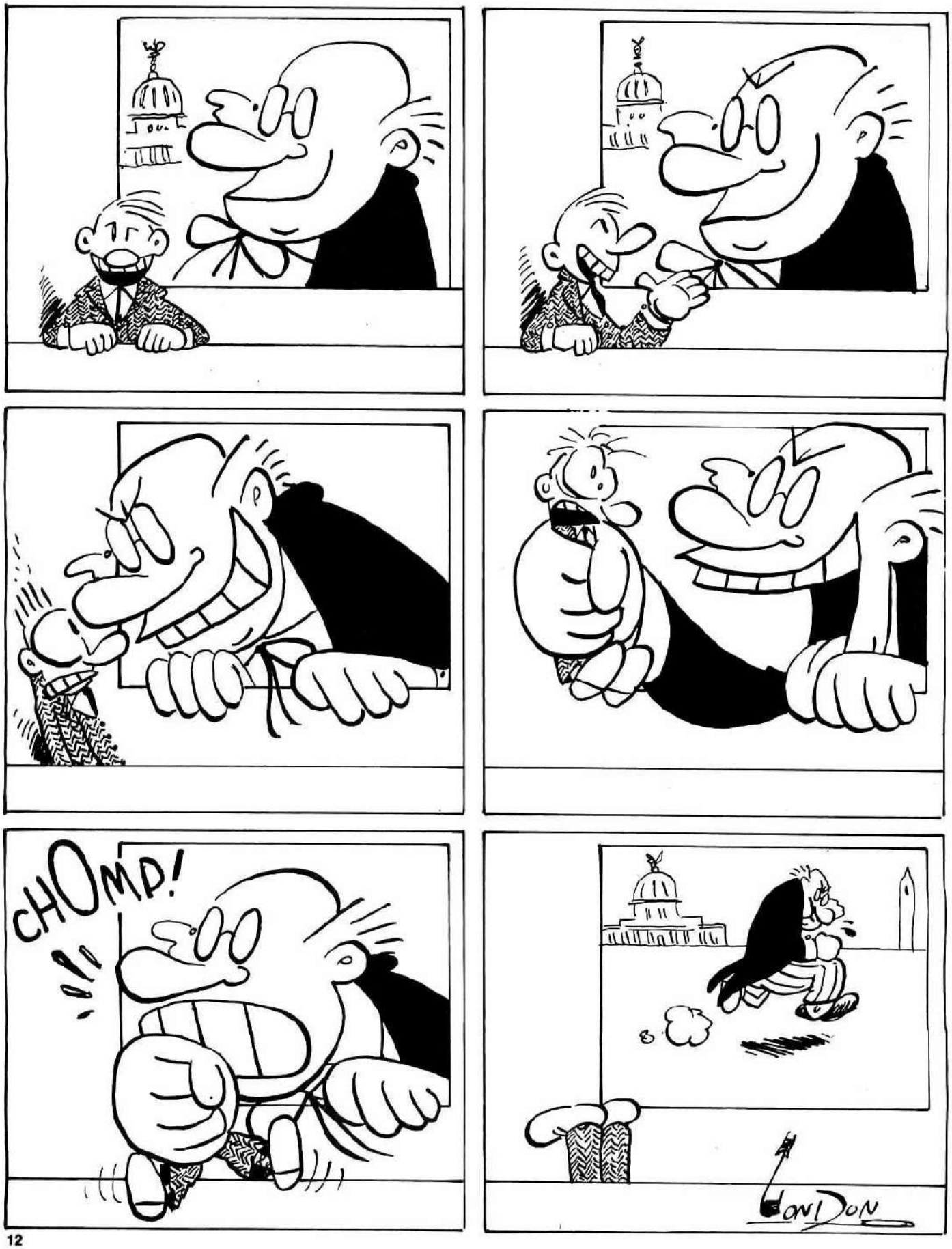
Well, try to be **gentle guys. This's the first** time I've ever been killed. I usually **SURVIVE** in my films.
Duh... **ouch!**
Yikes!
VREET
VREET


Well, what d'you know... I've been **SAVED!** Who is it out there... is that you **Captain**...? **Bash**...?
C'mon an' **show** yourself so I can give ya a **great big kiss!**
Neither, Blecch—

—It's **me... Lunk!** What d'you think... I'm gonna let my **buddy** get zapped by some **'droids**? Besides, I **need** you — you're the **only one** who knows what to feed that blasted **WOOKIE!**
Just watch out for **ME-2 YOU-2** when we get back, okay? **One** of them 'droids you wasted was his **uncle**...
END

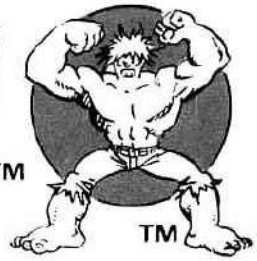
CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 1

T.V. NEWS

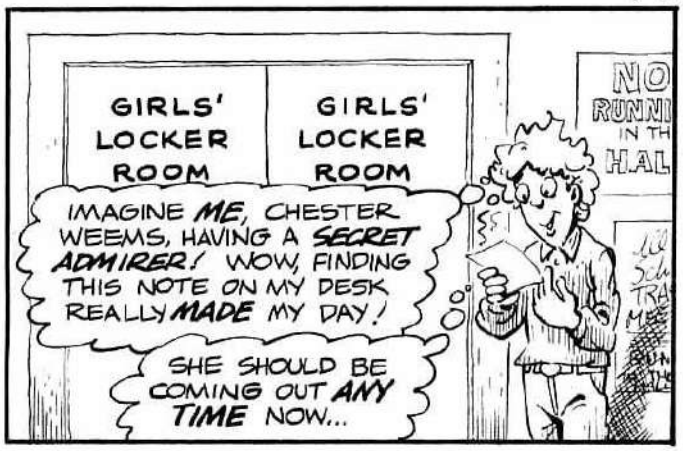


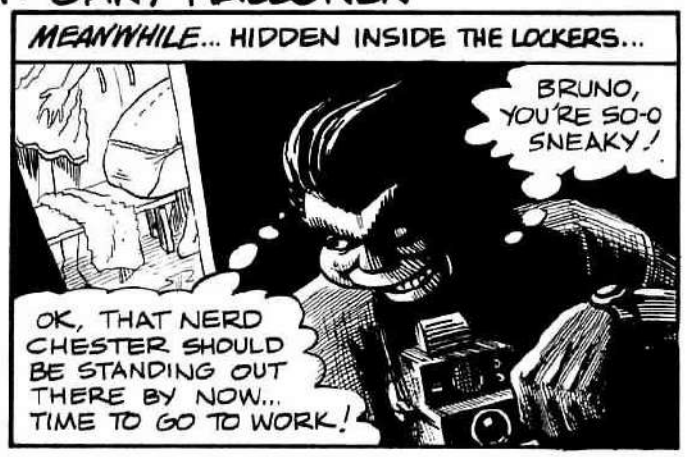
DUE TO A PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO A DEMENTED DENTIST'S GAMMA RAY CAVITY DECODER, CRAVEN NERD **CHESTER WEEMS** FINDS HIMSELF IN MOMENTS OF DIRE HUMILIATION, TRANSFORMED INTO A **TUNDRA TOPPED TITAN** KNOWN AS...

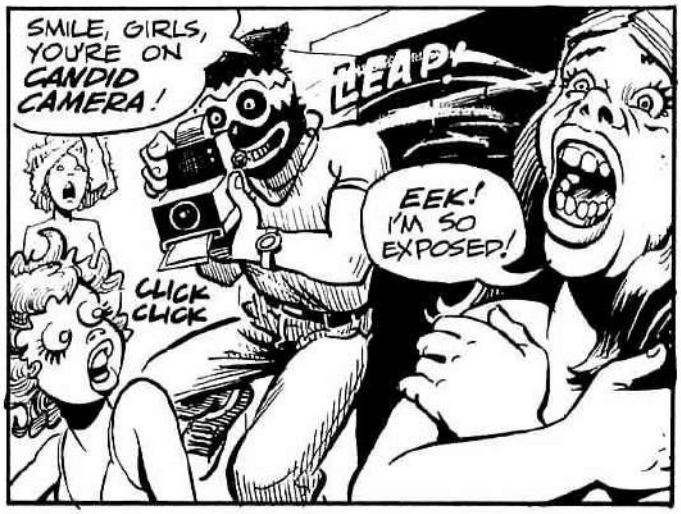
Stan Lee PRESENTS: TEEN HULK!™

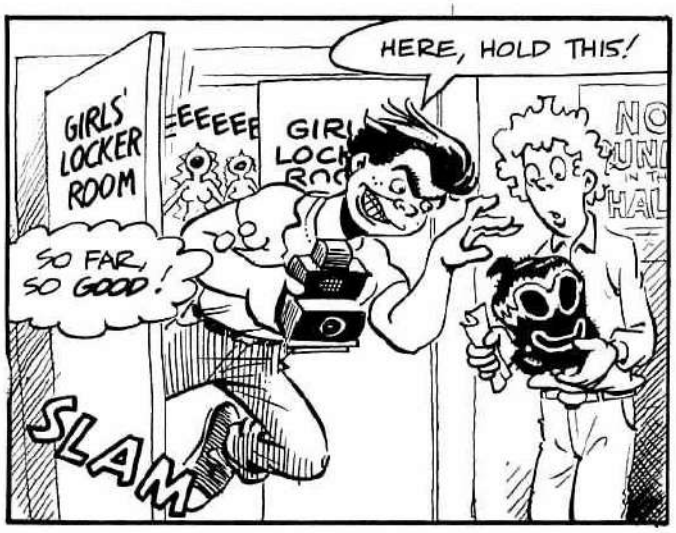


STORY: JIM OWSLEY
ART: GARY HALLGREN









KILL!
DON'T EVEN LET 'IM BREATHE!
OH NERTZ! EVERYTHING'S GOIN...
KILL!

...MEAN GREEN!
WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
IS HE A SENIOR?

UH-OH... CHEEZIT! HERE COMES COACH FUNGUS!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

HEY... DIG DIS! NAKED WOMENS!
YEAH! ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET 'EM!

UH-OH... THERE'S MRS. DINGLEFERRY UP AHEAD!
AND LOOK WHO'S WITH HER...
WOW!

...THE LITTLE SISTERS WITHOUT MERCY FROM OUR LADY OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT!
IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO TAKE OUT TIME FROM YOUR BUSY SCHEDULE TO HELP WITH OUR CHARITY DRIVE.

AND YOUR STUDENTS... CHARMING... KIND... WELL MANNERED...
I CAN'T STOP!

ROTTEN...
NO-GOOD...
HOOLIGAN...
POW

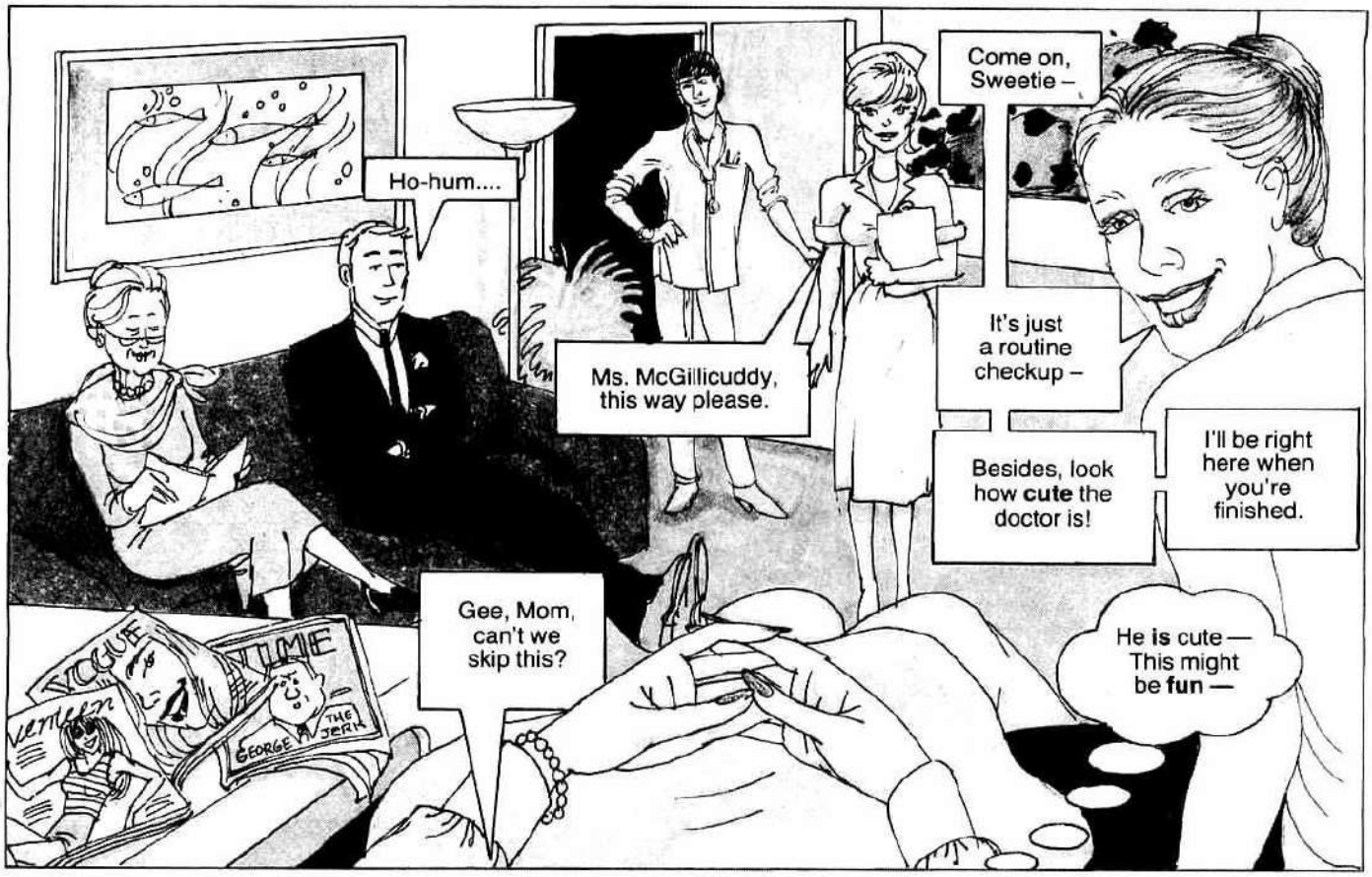
GET 'EM, SISTERS!

EEEE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
WHIMP SNORFLE

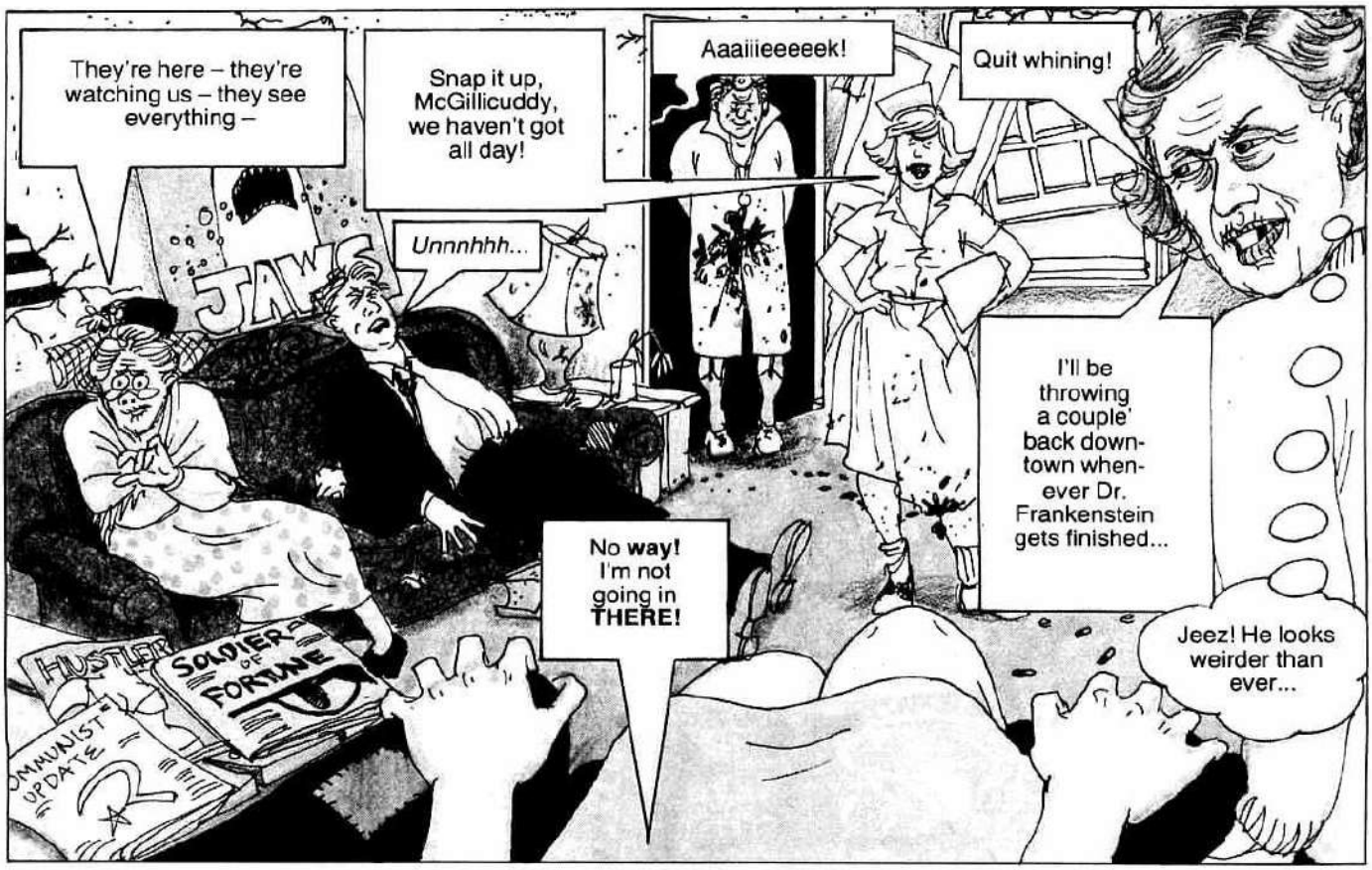
TRAMPLE
TRAMPLE
TRAMPLE

THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER... THOSE RUFFIANS TRAMPLED MY POOR LITTLE SPUNKY HERE...
THAT'S RIGHT... A FOOTBALL TEAM, A LARGE GREEN KID, A FLOCK OF NUNS AND SEVERAL SEMI-NUDE TEENAGE GIRLS...
DOUBLE BACK TO THE LOCKERS!
YEAH... IF THE GUYS TRY TO FOLLOW US, THEY'LL GET SUSPENDED!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE...
CHECK-IT-OUT, WHAT AM I BID FOR THE LOVELY TERRY WITHERS... WITHOUT-ERS, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN!
I WOULDN'T GIVE YA THREE CENTS FOR THAT WOOF-WOOF, BRUNO!
YER A CREEP, SHAPPY!
AND NOW... HUH? WHAT GIVES?
CRUNCH
OKAY... NOBODY LEAVES UNTIL WE GET SOME KINDA EXPLANATION... EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THE BIG GREEN KID!
BRUNO! I SHOULDA KNOWN!
YEAH... CHESTER'S WAY TOO DUMB AND SPINELESS TO DO WHAT YOU DID!
I SWEAR! EVERY TIME... EVERY SINGLE TIME I DO SOMETHING ROTTEN TO THAT WEEMS WIMP...
NERTZ! MAYBE I'M CURSED!
GARY HALLGREN

THE CLEAN, CRISP FANTASY AND...



...THE CREEPY, CRUDDY REALITY



Writer and Artist: Mary Wilshire

Dirk McGirk
Dirk's Howse
Dirk's Sity, Dirk's Stait 11219072

Antie Mary
The Howse wif the pool
Upstait 113852964 3

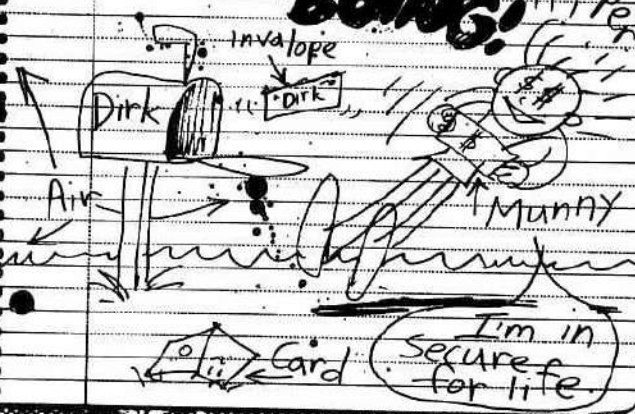
Writer and Artist:
Michael Carlin

-1-

August Tent

Deer Antie Mary,
How are you? I am fined My mutha is makin me rite this note to you to thank you for the neet munny you sent me for my birfday last octope

BOING!

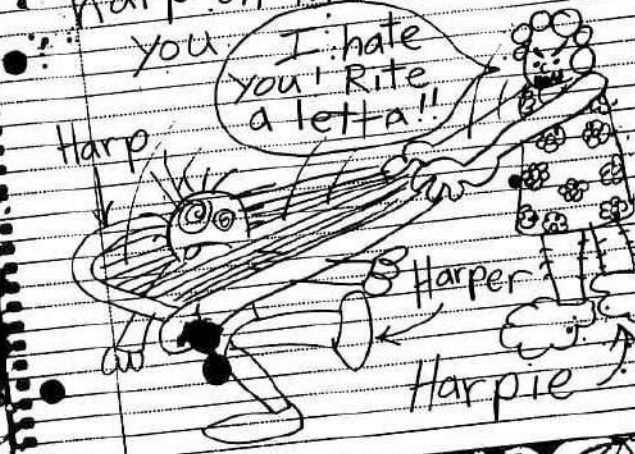


-2-

I'm sorry it took so long for me to rite to you, but you kno how it bees what wif both Sappy Daze and Chochi Shoves Jonesy on TV. Where's a yung McGirk to fine the times?

-3-

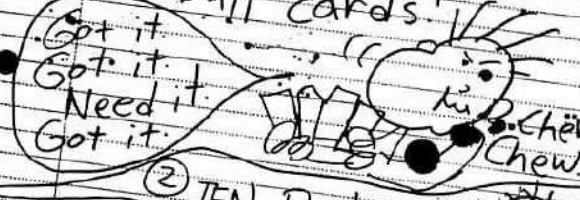
I wanted to wate till you sent this years twenny dollars and kill too presints wif one letta but Mom kept playing a harp on me to rite to you.



-4-

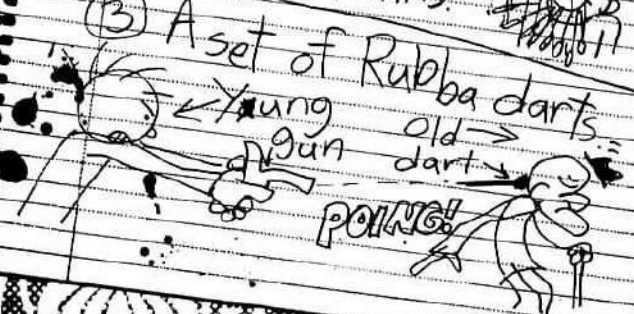
Here's a spartial list of the things I brought wif my birf-day inheratance:

① Twennynine pax of baisball cards.

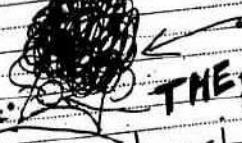


② TEN Punks.

③ A set of Rubba darts.



④ I brought a look at S. Lenny the lemon's boil

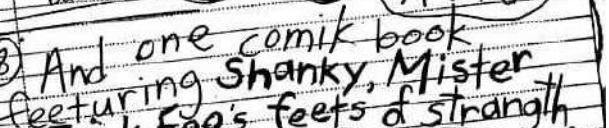


⑤ And a touch (10¢ extra)

⑥ 2 more punks

⑦ A bag of baloons so's my bike wood sound kool.

⑧ And one comik book feeturing Shanky, Mister of Funk Foo's feets of strangh



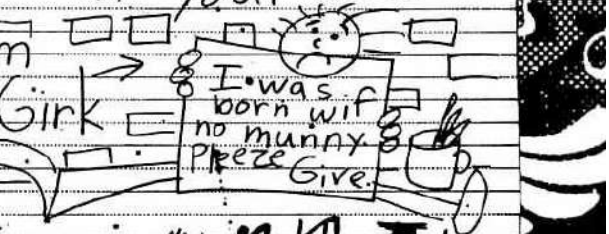
-6-

Allinall it was munny well spended. I can hardly wate for this years windfalls to fall in my window.

-7-

P.S. In Confusion I'd like to ask kazacklie how much I will be receeding this year so's I can figger out what stuff I'm gonna buy wif your doe.

Bum McGirk



P.S. ~~Say hi to Uncle Ted's girl frend.~~ (Mom sez not to put this in.)

Writer: Virgil Diamond Artist: Alan Kupperberg Wardrobe: Botany Bay 500

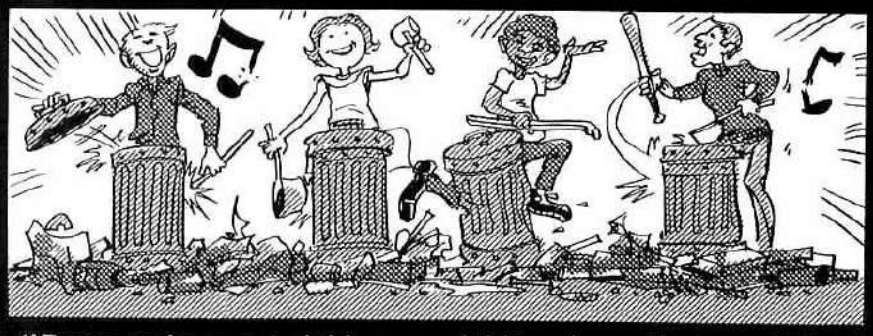
Because Bertha The Bag Lady is so poor, she lives under a park bench. But although outdoor livin' enables her t'save on rent money, it does have its drawbacks. Like f'rinstance, she never gets t'brush her teeth. An', as a result, Bertha has so many cavities that her teeth look like th' skin of a dalmation. An' so, chummies, if ya correctly count all o' her cavities, you'll score 100% on this next game which I call th'...

TOOTH ROT TALLY

TALLY: th' amount of cavities on Bertha's pearly-whites:

Although "Bette Davis Eyes" by Kim Carnes an' "Centerfold" by th' J. Geils Band sound terrific, an' have super-important lyrics, they're still low-brow, no-class rock 'n' roll songs. An' I say ya ain't got culture unless ya play yer old pal Obnoxio's...

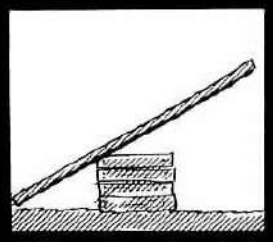
GARBAGE CAN CONCERTO



CREATIN' TH' MUSIC: 1)Dump garbage out o' th' cans an' th' top (ya gotta dump th' junk 'cuz an empty can produces a nice, full sound when whacked). 2)Now t' play a waltz, take a stick or walkin' cane an' tap out a 1,2,3,1,2,3,1,2,3 beat (fer extra volume, a baseball bat may be used).

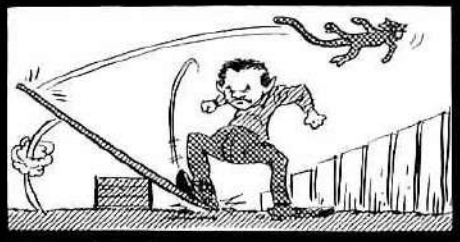
Launching is an' important part of America's space progam. Without launchin', rockets wouldn't go anywhere. An' someday you may find it necessary t'launch somethin', so listen up as I teach ya...

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A CATAPULT!



1. Place a wooden plank across th' top of a small wooden box.

2. Raise yer foot high above th' plank.

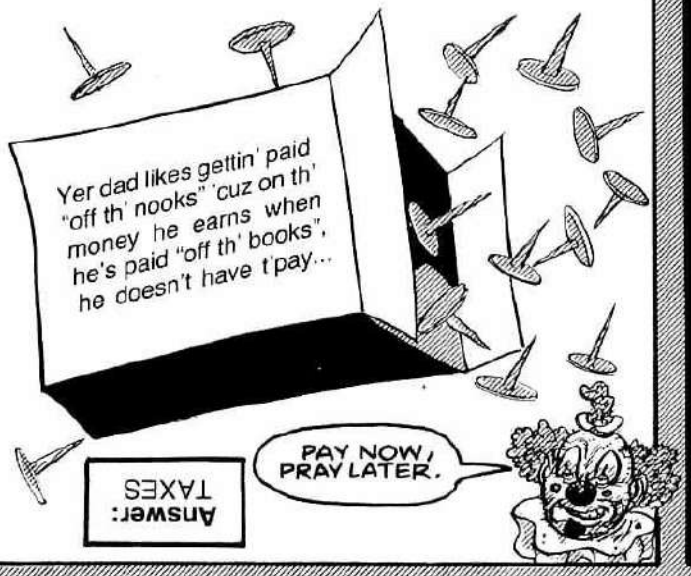


3. Then bring foot down forcefully to launch object from catapult.

INFLATION FIGHTER

PICTURE PUZZLE

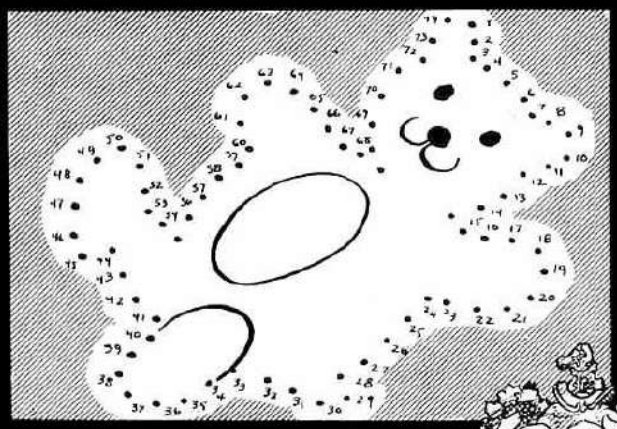
Your Task: Read th' writing on th' box below, then identify th' pointy little things next to th' box, t'figure out th' answer t'this brainstorm.



Answer: TAXES

ANOTHER WORD THAT MEANS THE SAME AS NAKED IS...

SIMON SAYS: Connect th' dots t'connect with the' answer.



Answer: BEAR

"This Is My Favorite Picture Of The Month!"
--OBNOXIO THE CLOWN.

It's from Shane Goodson of Calhoun City, MS. It ain't sportin' what ya done t'me, kid.

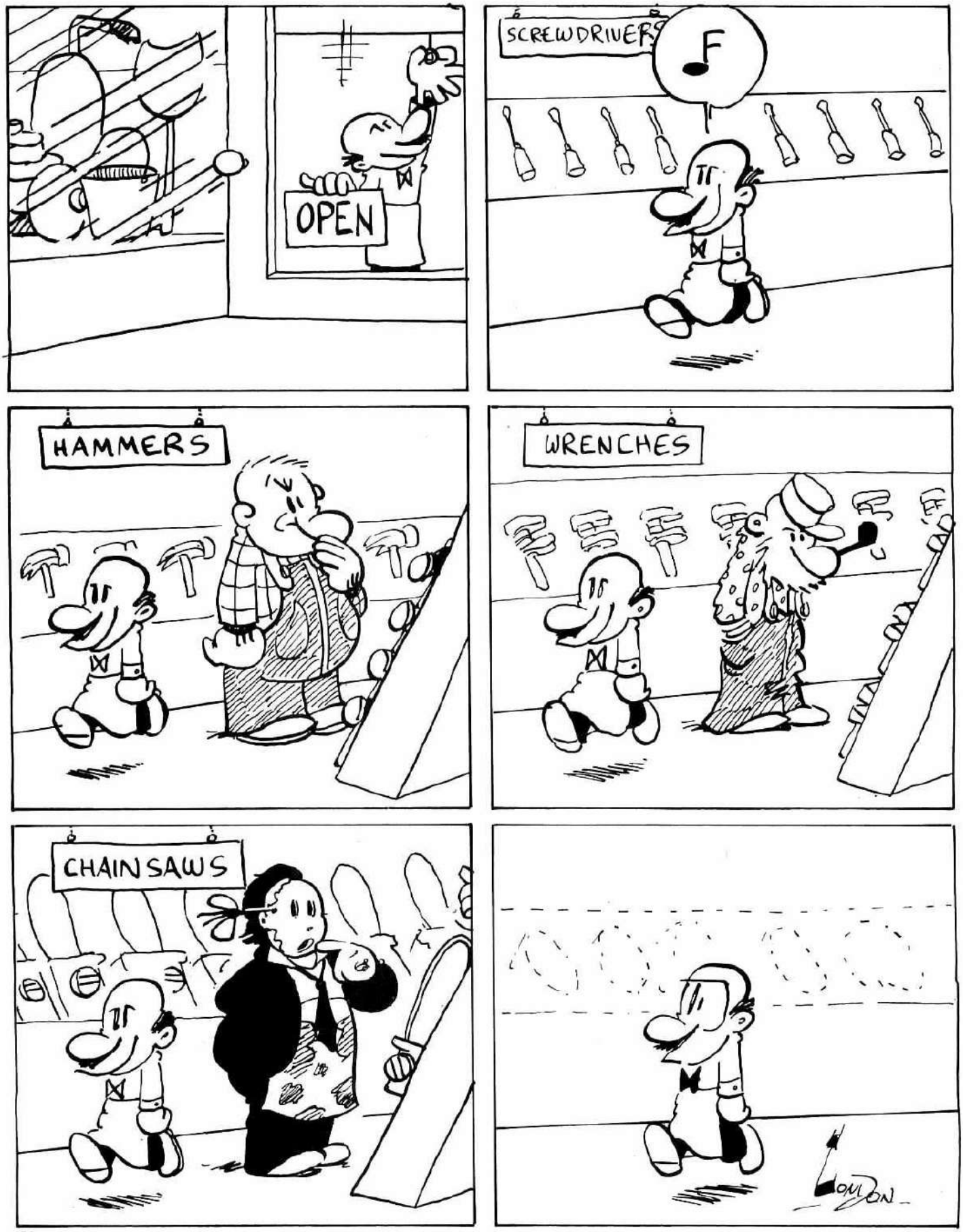
FREE CLOWN MAKE-UP STARTER KIT:

PART 2

CLOWN NOSE

(Clip along dotted line)

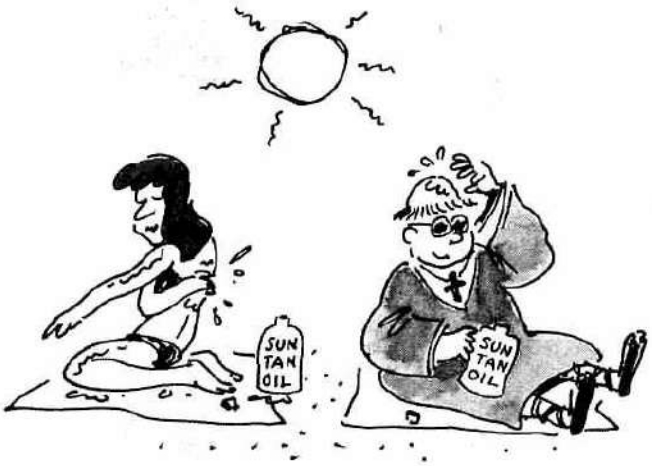
CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 2
THE HARDWARE STORE

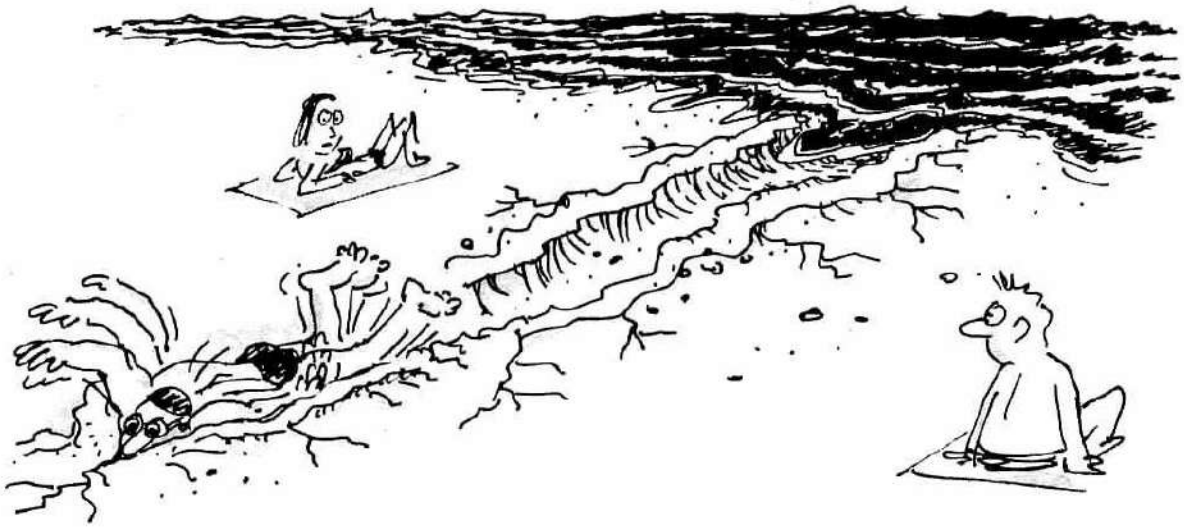


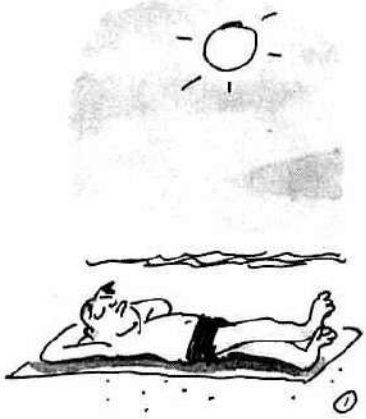
Pink as a lobster. Sticky as tar. Sand in your ear. Soda pop down your trunks. Salt water up your nose. Hot, thirsty. Lost your towel. Lost your wallet. Lost your underpants. Where?

ON THE BEACH

Written & Illustrated by Dick Codor





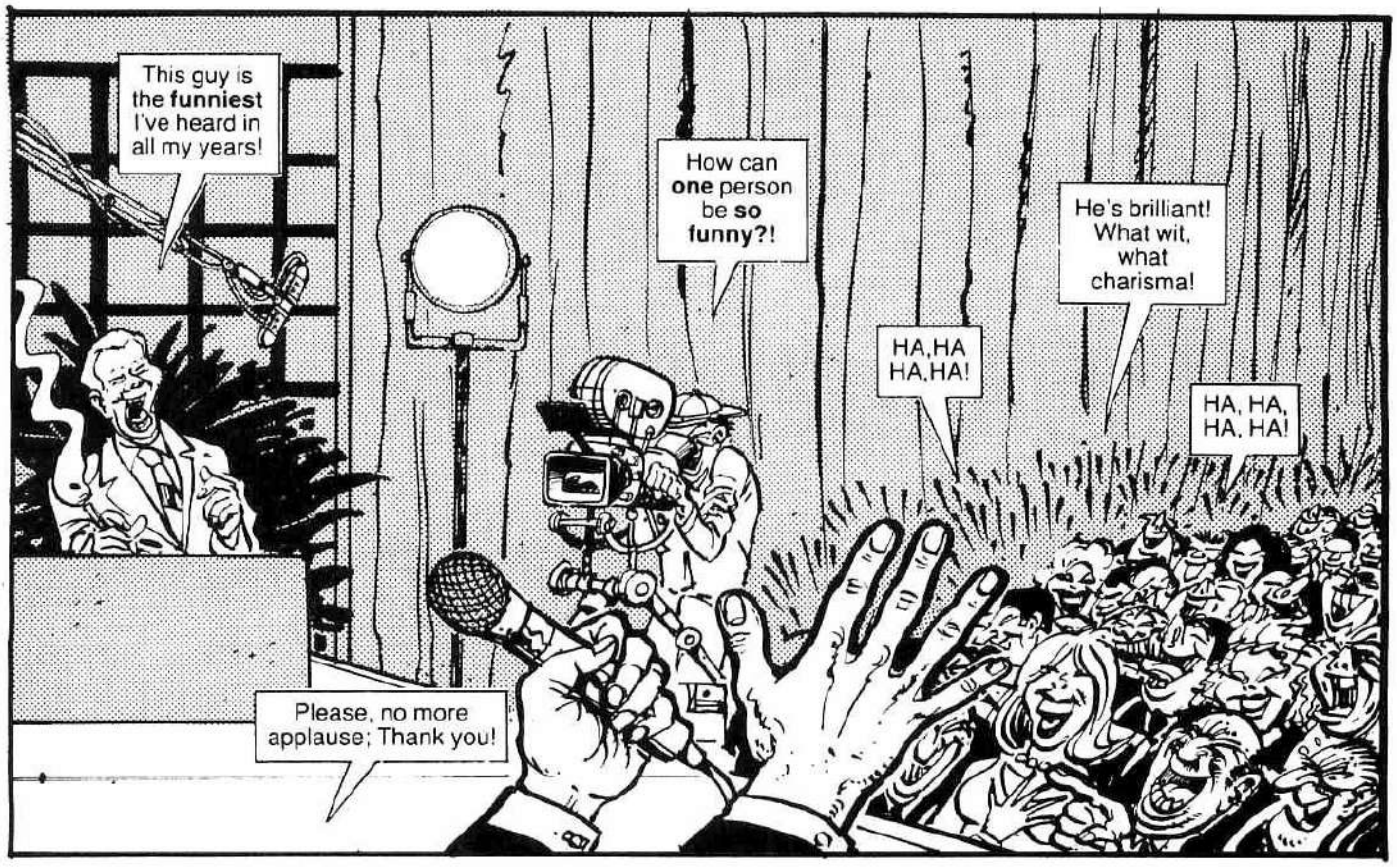


?

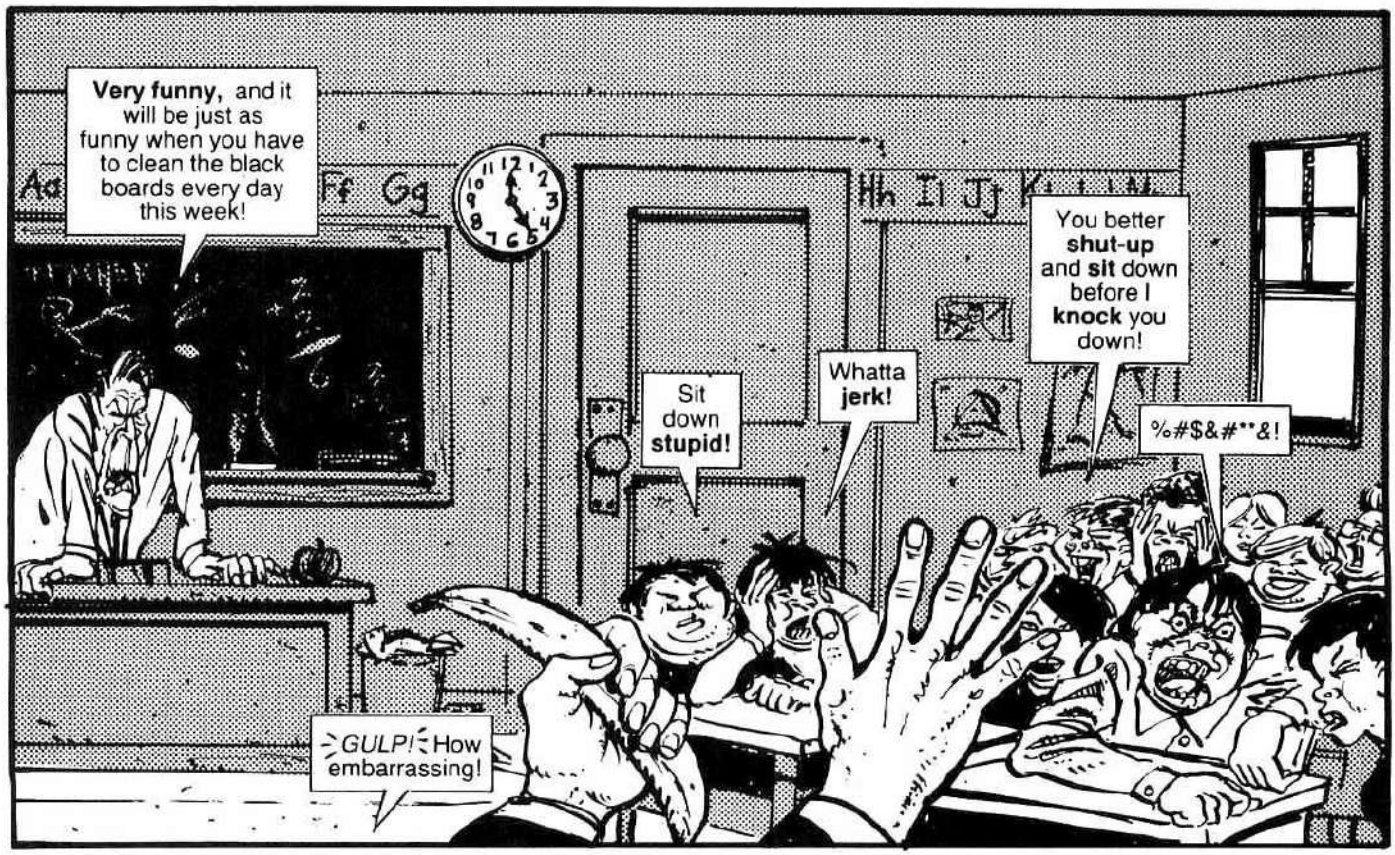
MIX
U.S.A.F.

RRRRRR

THE RED-HOT FANTASY AND...



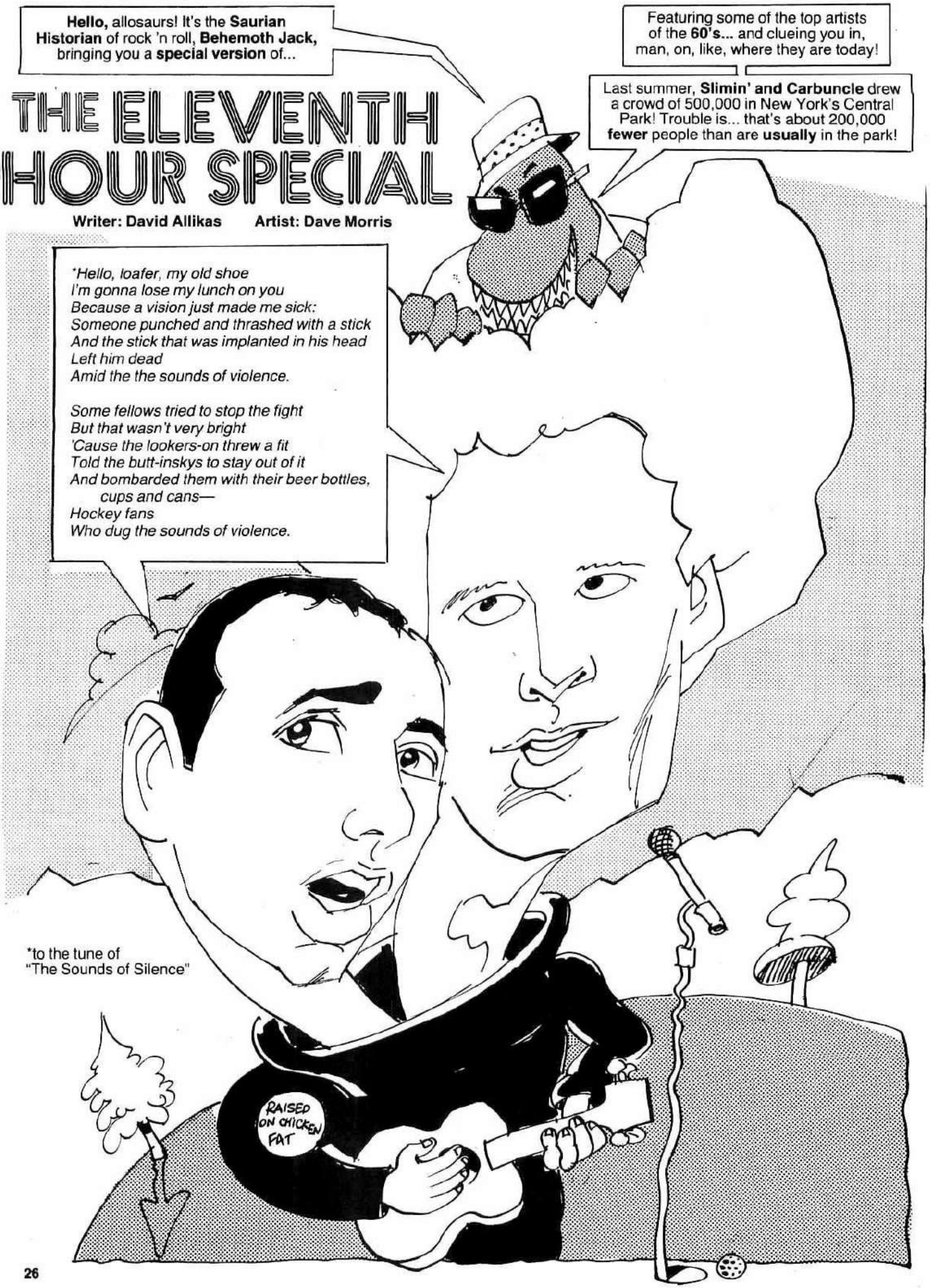
...THE RED-FACED REALITY



Writer and Artist: Peter Kuper

THE ELEVENTH HOUR SPECIAL

Writer: David Allikas **Artist: Dave Morris**

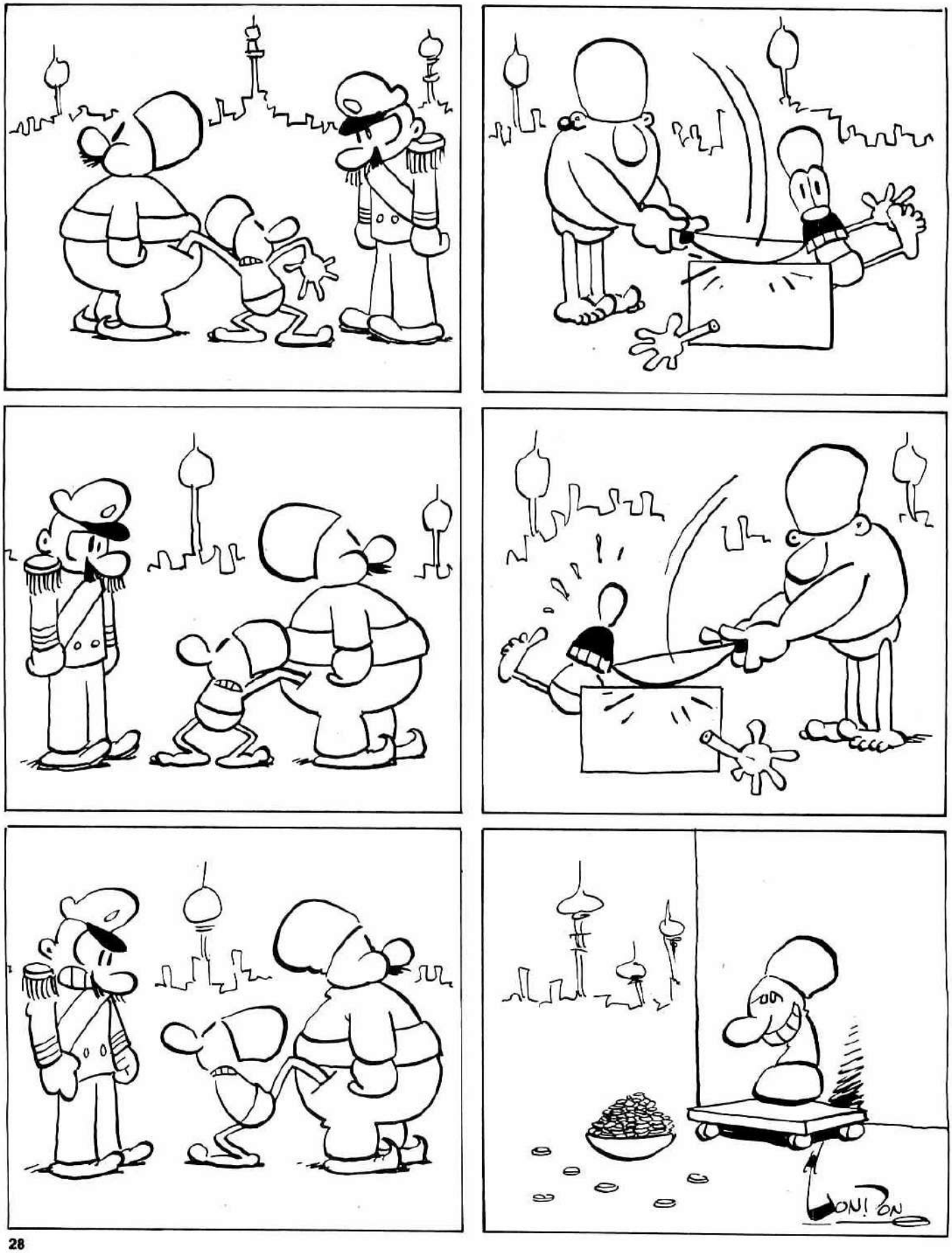


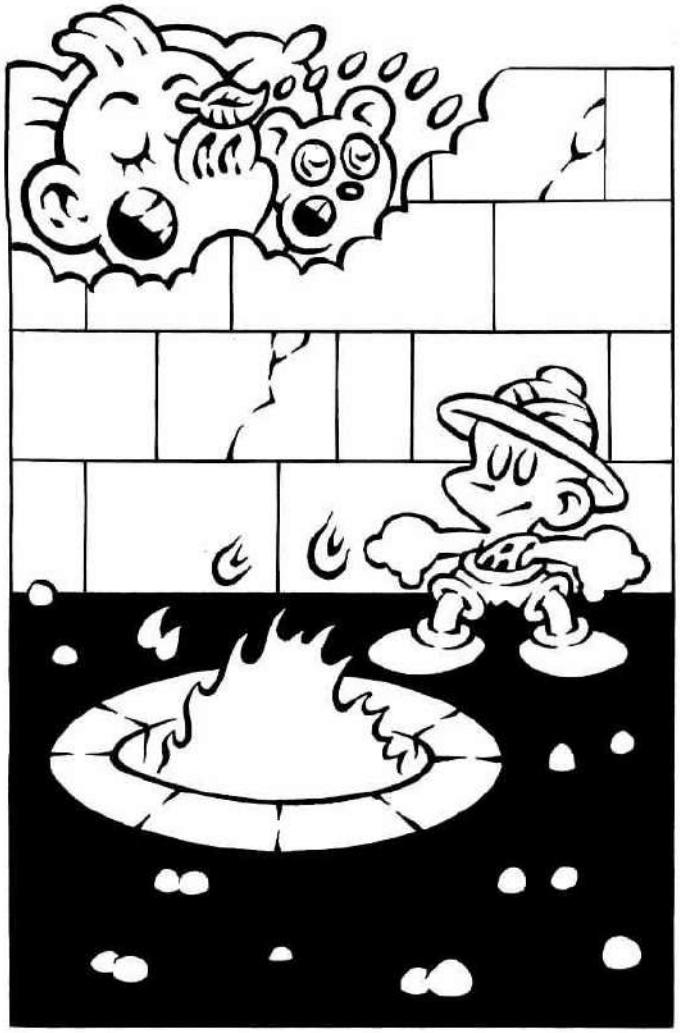
*to the tune of "The Sounds of Silence"

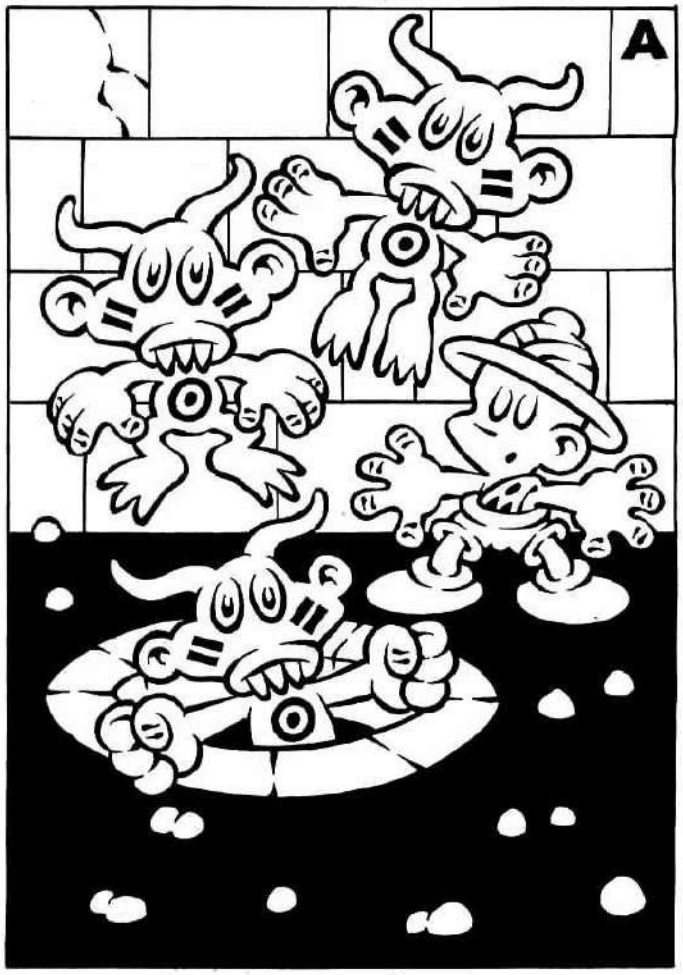
The great **Bob Swillin'** just concluded several years of following in the footsteps of **Jesus... except**, of course, for the part about donating all **worldly goods** to the **poor!**
*How many fumes must our plants spew out
Before you make out a will?
How many seas must be filled with waste
Before your tea makes you ill?
How many times must reactors explode
Before you move to Brazil?
The cancer, my friend
Is glowin' in the wind,
The cancer is glowin' in the wind.
*to the tune of:
"Blowin' in the Wind"
OY GEVALT I'M A FOLK SINKER
I used to confuse **Dionne Borewick** with **Dion** of the **Belmonts...** until I saw them in **person! Her** shoulders are much **broader** than his!
*Do you know the way to sheer dismay?
Stay out of sight too long, then
charge headlong into the fray
My career has been in disarray
So I came back to see how it would be—
was I passé?
L.A. is a great big jungle
Got a job as host of "Solid Gold"
In a while I got dumped because I'm too old
Marilyn McCoo and Andy Gibb
Would seem to be the network's choice
'Cause next to me, each wears a bib.
We're waiting on your group or song suggestions at the **Behemoth Jack Sack!**
Stay **grundy,** 'gator!
*to the tune of
"Do You Know The Way To San Jose?"

CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 3

THE PICKPOCKET



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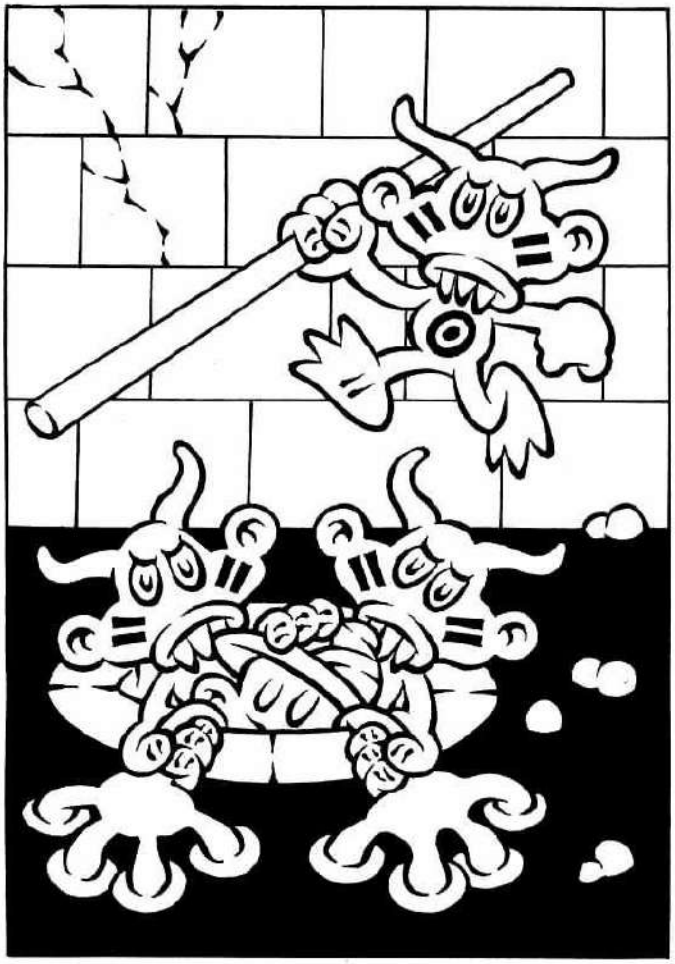
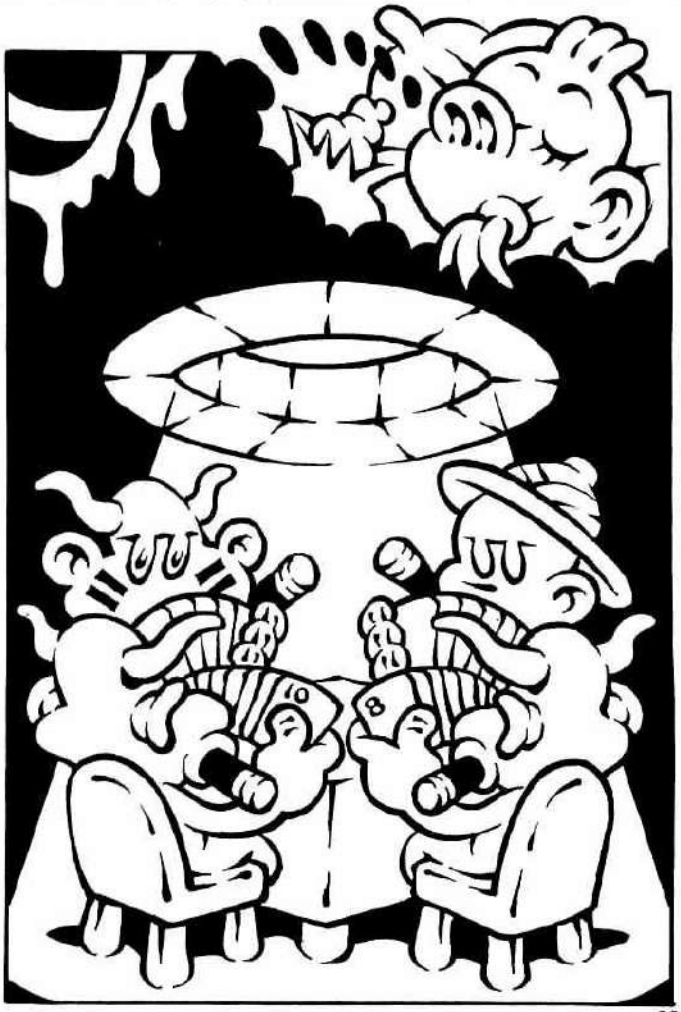




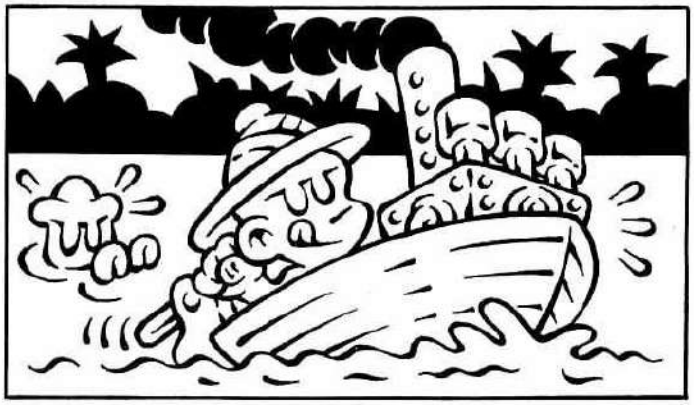
OH NO, IT COULDN'T BE! WAIT, I THINK IT IS...YES, YES IT'S THEM!!

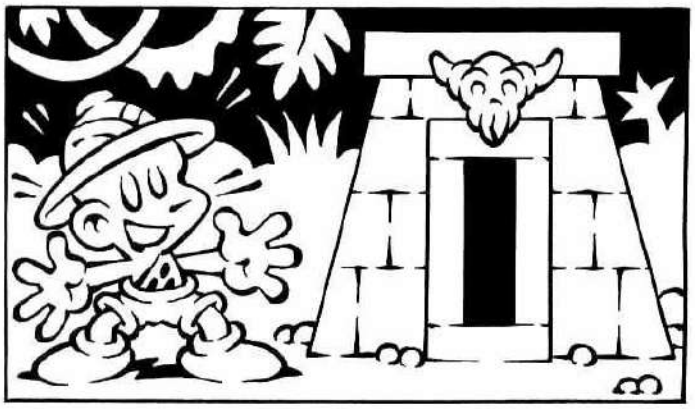
The KINETIC KIDS

An OPTIKINETICOMIC

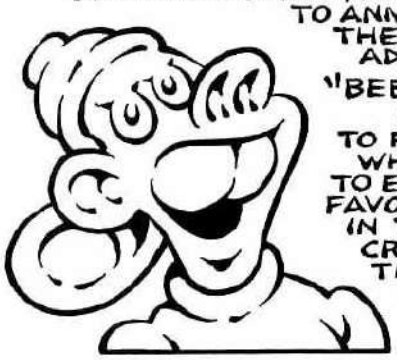
BEEZER'S "JUNGLE DREAM"

by Steve Mellor



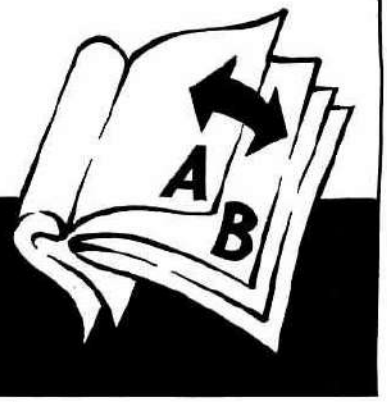


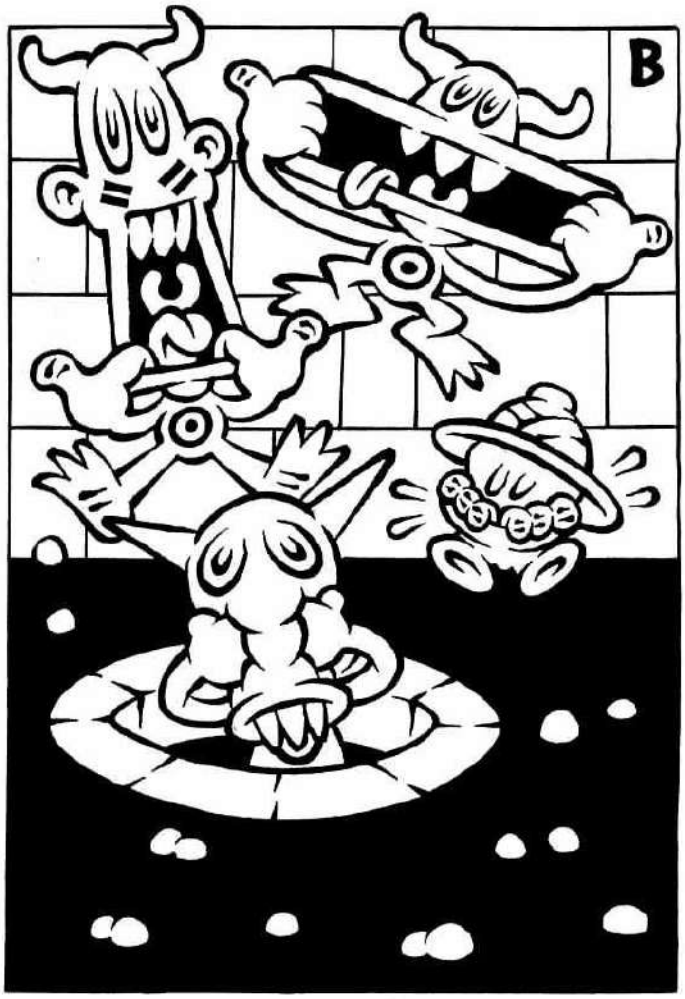
SIMBA MAGOOMBA GANG! THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S YOUR OLD PAL BRISBAINE AGAIN, AND I'M HERE TO ANNOUNCE THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF "BEEZER IN DREAMLAND!" TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO EVERYONE'S FAVORITE INFANT IN THE JUNGLE CRYPT, FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS AT RIGHT!!



LAY MAGAZINE ON FLAT SURFACE AND FLIP PREVIOUS PAGE "A" UP AND DOWN OVER PAGE "B" REPEATEDLY FOR OPTIKINETIC EFFECT!

YOU CAN TELL IT'S AESTHETIC, IT'S KINETIC!!

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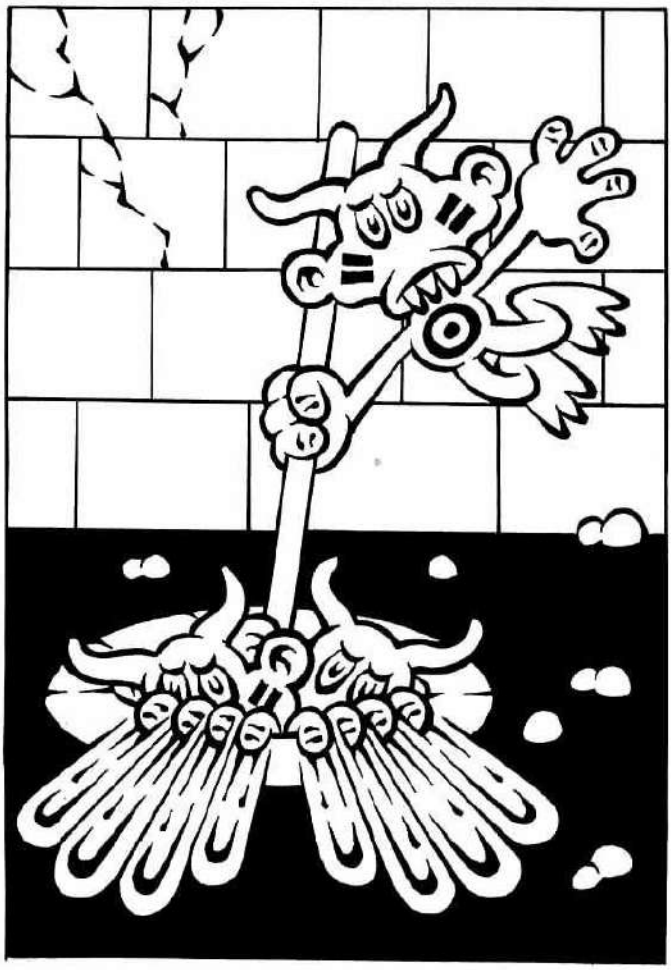


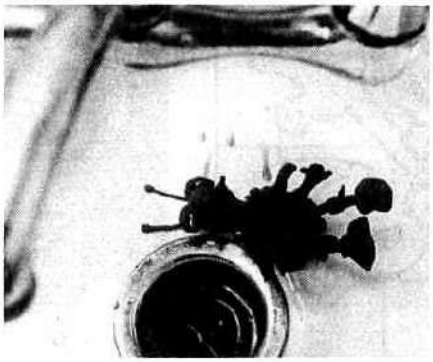
TIRED OF LIVING WITH ROACHES?

How many times have you had to explain them to your guests? Are your kids giving them nicknames? Do you often find yourself in the awkward position of explaining why your omelets have legs? Well, you can forget all that when you buy the new, patented **Roach Diner!™**

DESIGNED BY A SCIENTIST!

Yes, the **Roach Diner™** was designed by a leading roachologist after a year of intensive research and study in the kitchen of his Brooklyn tenement. The **Roach Diner™** will postively end your roach problem if you follow the instructions carefully.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!



You simply place **Roach Diner™** under your sink, leaving a trail of "Free Lunch" coupons in front of the door. Roaches are lured into the **Roach Diner™** by one of three irresistable aromas (available in *Kool-Ade Stain, Dropped Hamburger,* and *Breadcrumbs Under A Toaster*). Once they've gorged on gratis grub, the greedy little suckers will be seized with uncontrollable fits of nausea and lower gastric distress, which will then force them to stumble out of the diner, and crawl towards the nearest drain where they will barf their little guts out and die a slow, agonizing death!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

ORDER NOW AND GET A FREE PAIR OF DEAD ROACH TWEEZERS!

Roach Diner™
Sleazoid Products, LTd.
Rocky Road, N.H.

Dept. IM-RU
(Live Free Or Die)

I hate roaches!!! Send me _____ **Roach Diners™**, at $79.50 per diner, and I will start getting rid of mine now! Yechhh!!!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Miss Mimi's FUN FOR Girls

by Mimi Pond

AFTER-SCHOOL FUN! GO SNOOPING IN YOUR BEST FRIEND'S PARENT'S BATHROOM, WHERE YOU'LL FIND **LOTS** OF NEAT STUFF!

REPLACE HER MOM'S DUSTING POWDER WITH **FLOUR**! - NEXT TIME SHE USES IT, SHE'LL LOOK LIKE A SHAKE'N'BAKE CHICKEN!

PUT MASCARA ON YOUR FRIEND'S LITTLE BROTHER, JUST FOR FUN!

FIVE WAYS TO PRACTICE BEING A GROWN-UP WITHOUT GETTING INTO TROUBLE!

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

REPLACE TOOTHPASTE WITH **ANCHOVY PASTE** - EARLY IN THE MORNING, THEY WON'T NOTICE - UNTIL IT'S **TOO LATE**!

USE YOUR FRIEND'S MOM'S EXPENSIVE MUDPACK TO MAKE SCARY FACES ON EACH OTHER - EXPERIMENT WITH HER MAKE-UP TOO - SEE WHO CAN LOOK THE **GOOFIEST**!

MAKE SURE YOU DO ALL THIS FUN STUFF AT YOUR FRIEND'S HOUSE, AND **NOT** AT HOME!

GET THAT BROOKE SHIELDS LOOK!

TAKE TWO FAKE MOUSTACHES (GET 'EM AT THE DIMESTORE) AND GLUE THEM **ABOVE** YOUR EYES!

Ask Miss Mimi

Dear Miss Mimi: There's a boy I have a crush on who never notices me - what should I do? I am in the 6th grade.

Lovelorn

Dear Lovelorn:

Unfortunately, boys in the 6th grade are more interested in PAC-MAN and model-building than they are in girls. This is an unpleasant fact of life that persists with boys up to the age of thirty, or so. Sometimes you can get their attention with spit balls. That's how Cleopatra got Antony, and Juliet got Romeo - it's worth a try! Good Luck.

Miss Mimi

the Fashionable Girl

WHAT'S IN!

BACK-TO-SCHOOL **TUTUS** FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ALIKE!

WHAT'S OUT!

HEADBANDS: TURNS OUT THEY LEAVE A PERMANENT **DENT** IN YOUR FOREHEAD!

GIRLS! WRITE MIMI POND, c/o **CRAZY** AND TELL HER WHY...

...IF SHE LIKES YOUR ANSWER, SHE'LL USE IT WITH A CARTOON ON THIS PAGE!

Girls Are Smarter Than Boys!

What's the matter with kids, you say? They have no direction, no sense of values? They're looking for cheap thrills to relieve their boredom? They're frustrated and ready to lash out at society? Well, all that's about to change...

MR. ROGERS PACIFIES THE UNIVERSE!

Writer and Artist: Dave Morris

Gosh, Mr. Kitschner ...I've never seen this many kids so well behaved...
I saw it coming when I booked him on "Schlock Concert"... He's got that special touch...
Yeah, but I thought kids liked loud, weird music and bizarre, perverse stage acts... What's **his** angle?
Time for bed... good-night every-body.
The thing about Rogers is that he's **cooled out... laid back...** and he's so darn **sensible...**
It's a lovely day in the neigh-bor-hood...
Will you **look** at that? They're all leaving quietly and quickly... and what's that pleasant song they're singing?
MR ROGERS
WORLD TOUR 1980
That's his theme song... Come on, I'll introduce you backstage -- see if you recognize some of his fans...
I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. Rogers. I can't tell you how good you make me feel.
Mr. Rogers really is my favorite.
This is definitely a trend in the making... Next week I'm bringing in Lawrence Welk.
The Mr. Rogers phenomenon is absolutely incredible. First you lured kids away from violent cop shows and sexy sitcoms with your own very remarkable program... and now this success on the concert circuit... How do you think it happened?
"Hello BOYS AND GIRLS"
Mr. Rogers
Have you heard my album? It just went platinum.
The kids were tired of all this punk rock and disco, Johnny. They want a little peace and quiet for a change...

As Mister Rogers leaves the television studio...
There's a big crowd of kids outside the stage door! Do you want extra security?
That won't be necessary.
THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING
Hi, boys and girls... I'm so happy to see you here. But you must be tired from waiting for me. So let's sing a song together, okay?
It's a lovely day in the neighborhood...
I don't believe it -- even his groupies are well behaved!
Mr. Rogers' influence continues to grow... and he wins many converts in the entertainment world...
The Rolling Stones
Won't you be my neighbor, Honey?
Mistuh Rogers, ah feel, given the gravity of the world sitchewayshun, that yew have a speshul contribution to make...
Daddy, Miz Lillian stole my Mr. Rogers album.
Thank you, Mr. President.
He attains a position of national importance...
And so Mr. Rogers finds himself addressing the members of the United Nations Security Council...
No, Mr. Arafat, you should never "denounce" the actions of other countries... say to them, "This is not the way we do things in our house"...
He brings some new wrinkles to U.N. debates...
We've been talking for so long...You're probably tired and cranky... So let's have some sandwiches, and then you can all take a nap, okay?
And lightens up the proceedings with his clever wit...
RUSSIA
ACME BLANKETS
Gerbils are funny little animals. Can you act like a gerbil? Sure you can.
Say, what's in these sandwiches, anyway?
Qu'est-ce que c'est, "gerbil"?
NIBBLE NIBBLE
ISRAEL
CANADA
FRANCE

By the use of skillful diplomacy and just plain common sense, Mr. Rogers soon finds himself appointed to the position of **Wor'd Pacifier...**

It's a lovely day in the neighborhood...

Let's all sing together now... can you do that? Sure you can...

A lovely day in the neigh-bor-hood...

ARF

A lovely day in the neigh-bor-hood...

So won't you be mein neighbor?

An international optimism takes hold...

New York Smile

PEOPLE SMILE

Carter gerts "I'm sorry I lied"

The Daily Pleasant

IT'S A LOVELY DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Learn to play bridge the Mr. Rogers way P. 32

Chicago Happyface Tribune

NO BAD NEWS!

comics start on page one

Parents turn to page 6 for a special offer

Surmounting all obstacles, Mr. Rogers brings his message to the furthest reaches of the globe...

But, Mr. Rogers ...I don't have any neighbors... I've been the only human being at this outpost for **35 years!**

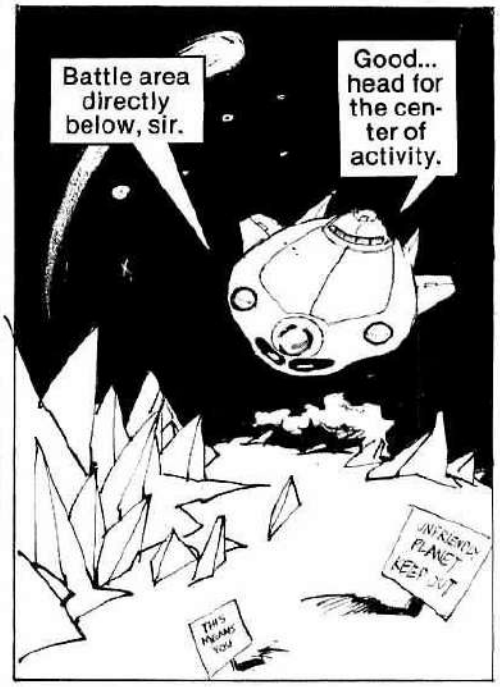
Gerbil impressions become the accepted form of greeting...

But Mr. Rogers' greatest ambition is unsatisfied...

Nobel Peace Prize

awarded to MR. ROGERS for being so nice

It's a lovely day in the neighbor-hood... But there's still so much left to pacify...



And so, Mr. Rogers continues his mission... to pacify the final frontier...

It's a lovely day in the universe... A lovely day in the universe... A lovely day in the universe...

Squa Tront!*

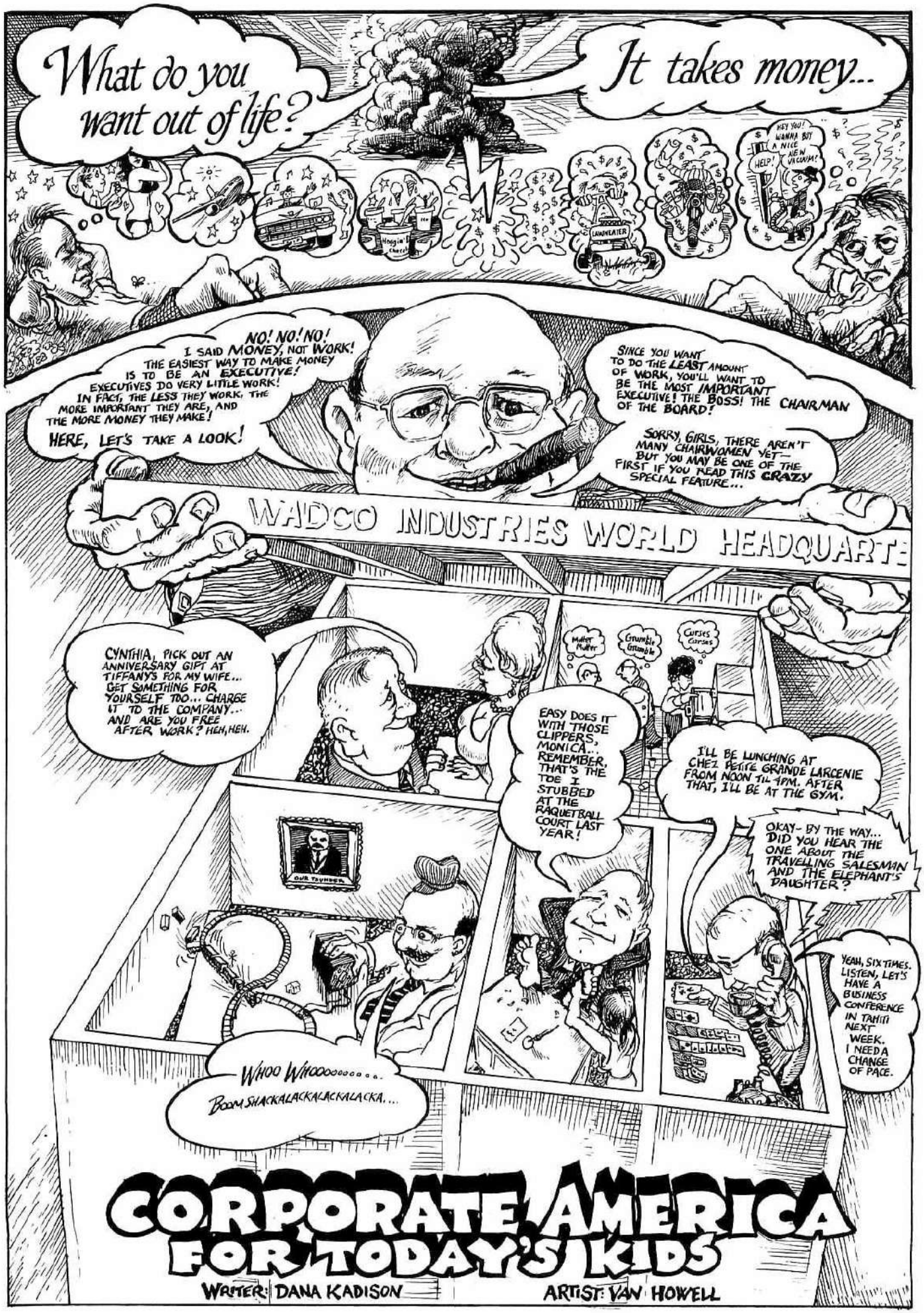
Spa Fon!**

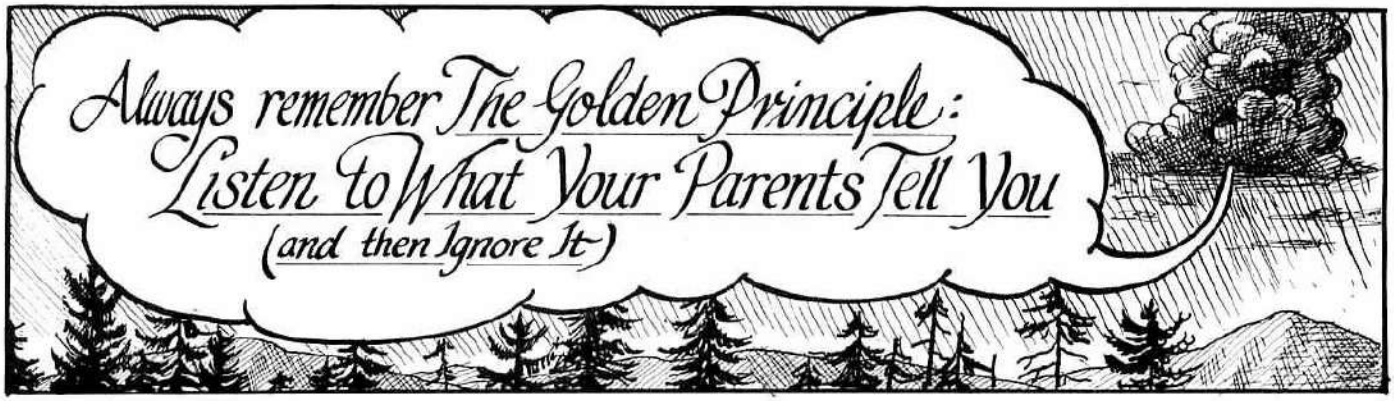
So won't **you** be my neighbor?

*Who is this jerk?

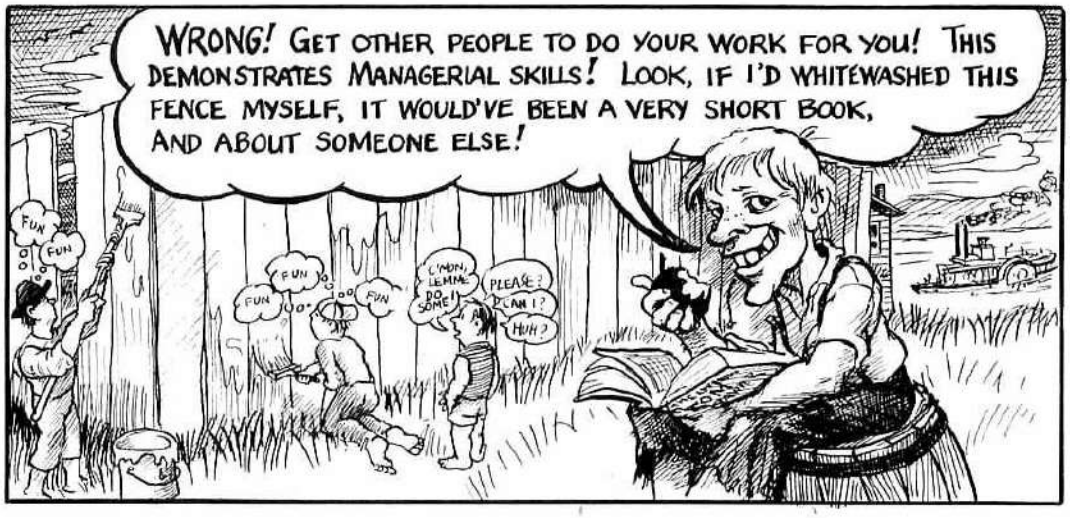
**Who cares? You can have first bite!

END

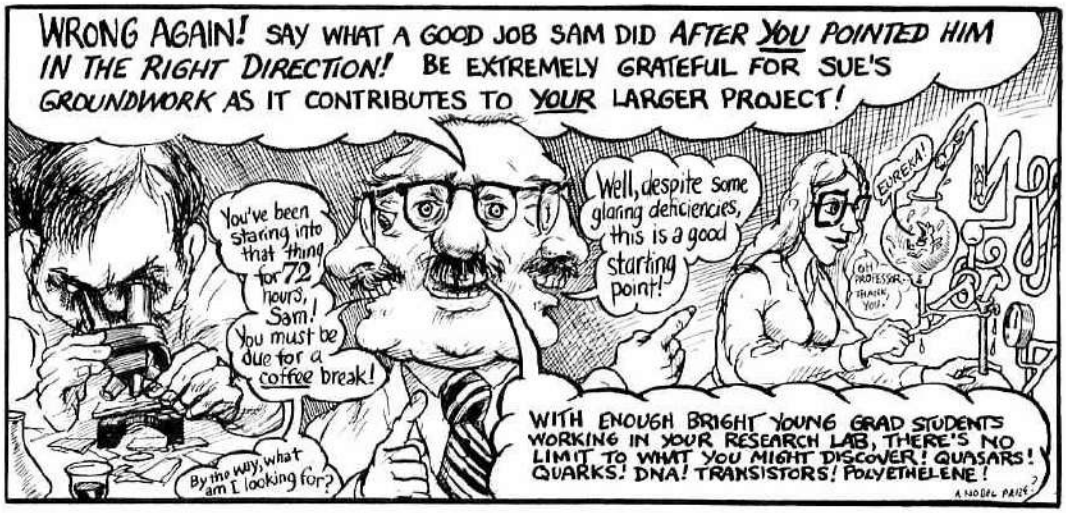

What do you want out of life?
It takes money...
HEY YOU! WANNA BUY A NICE NEW VACUUM?
HELP!
NO! NO! NO! I SAID MONEY, NOT WORK! THE EASIEST WAY TO MAKE MONEY IS TO BE AN EXECUTIVE! EXECUTIVES DO VERY LITTLE WORK! IN FACT, THE LESS THEY WORK, THE MORE IMPORTANT THEY ARE, AND THE MORE MONEY THEY MAKE! HERE, LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
SINCE YOU WANT TO DO THE LEAST AMOUNT OF WORK, YOU'LL WANT TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT EXECUTIVE! THE BOSS! THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD!
SORRY, GIRLS, THERE AREN'T MANY CHAIRWOMEN YET— BUT YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE FIRST IF YOU READ THIS CRAZY SPECIAL FEATURE...
WADCO INDUSTRIES WORLD HEADQUARTE
CYNTHIA, PICK OUT AN ANNIVERSARY GIFT AT TIFFANY'S FOR MY WIFE... GET SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF TOO... CHARGE IT TO THE COMPANY... AND ARE YOU FREE AFTER WORK? HEH, HEH.
Mutter Mutter
Grumble Grumble
Curses Curses
EASY DOES IT WITH THOSE CLIPPERS, MONICA... REMEMBER, THAT'S THE TOE I STUBBED AT THE RAQUETBALL COURT LAST YEAR!
I'LL BE LUNCHING AT CHEZ PETITE GRANDE LARCENIE FROM NOON TIL 4PM. AFTER THAT, I'LL BE AT THE GYM.
OUR FOUNDER
OKAY- BY THE WAY... DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN AND THE ELEPHANT'S DAUGHTER?
YEAH, SIX TIMES. LISTEN, LET'S HAVE A BUSINESS CONFERENCE IN TAHITI NEXT WEEK. I NEED A CHANGE OF PACE.
WHOO WHOOOOOOOOO...
BOOM SHACKALACKALACKALACKA...
CORPORATE AMERICA FOR TODAY'S KIDS
WRITER: DANA KADISON
ARTIST: VAN HOWELL


Always remember The Golden Principle:
Listen to What Your Parents Tell You
(and then Ignore It)

Do your own work well, and you will be recognized and rewarded.


WRONG! GET OTHER PEOPLE TO DO YOUR WORK FOR YOU! THIS DEMONSTRATES MANAGERIAL SKILLS! LOOK, IF I'D WHITEWASHED THIS FENCE MYSELF, IT WOULD'VE BEEN A VERY SHORT BOOK, AND ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE!
FUN
FUN
FUN
FUN
FUN
C'MON, LEMME DO SOME!
PLEASE? CAN I?
HUH?

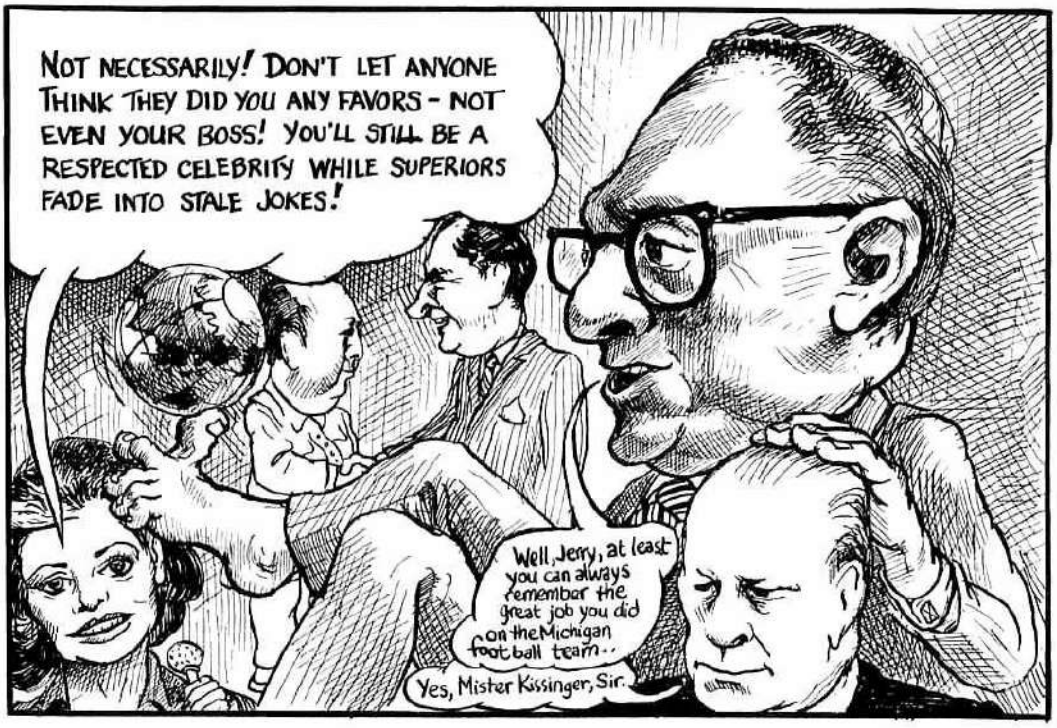
Don't take more credit than you deserve.
This Picture is a copy of one by Norman Rockwell


WRONG AGAIN! SAY WHAT A GOOD JOB SAM DID AFTER YOU POINTED HIM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION! BE EXTREMELY GRATEFUL FOR SUE'S GROUNDWORK AS IT CONTRIBUTES TO YOUR LARGER PROJECT!
You've been staring into that thing for 72 hours, Sam! You must be due for a coffee break!
By the way, what am I looking for?
Well, despite some glaring deficiencies, this is a good starting point!
EUREKA!
OH PROFESSOR, THANK YOU.
WITH ENOUGH BRIGHT YOUNG GRAD STUDENTS WORKING IN YOUR RESEARCH LAB, THERE'S NO LIMIT TO WHAT YOU MIGHT DISCOVER! QUASARS! QUARKS! DNA! TRANSISTORS! POLYETHELENE!
A MODEL PARENT

Never steal!

HMM... LEIA... LUKE SKYWALKER... C3PO... R2D2... ???
LET'S SEE NOW, THIS ONE ABOUT THE PRINCESS, THE WARRIOR AND THE TWO CLOWNS...
I kinda like dis one about de Samurai who donna hava name and donna talk and killsa everyone!
Not bad... Seven guys who are into saving farmers
LEONE
LUCAS
PRODUCT OF JAPAN
STURGES
FOLLOWING MIFUNE'S YOJIMBO DIRECTED BY KURASAWA
FOLLOWING MIFUNE'S THE HIDDEN FORTRESS DIRECTED BY KURASAWA
FOLLOWING MIFUNE'S SEVEN SAMURAI DIRECTED BY KURASAWA 1954

Always say "Please" and "Thank You"


NOT NECESSARILY! DON'T LET ANYONE THINK THEY DID YOU ANY FAVORS - NOT EVEN YOUR BOSS! YOU'LL STILL BE A RESPECTED CELEBRITY WHILE SUPERIORS FADE INTO STALE JOKES!
Well, Jerry, at least you can always remember the great job you did on the Michigan football team...
Yes, Mister Kissinger, Sir.

Honesty is the best policy

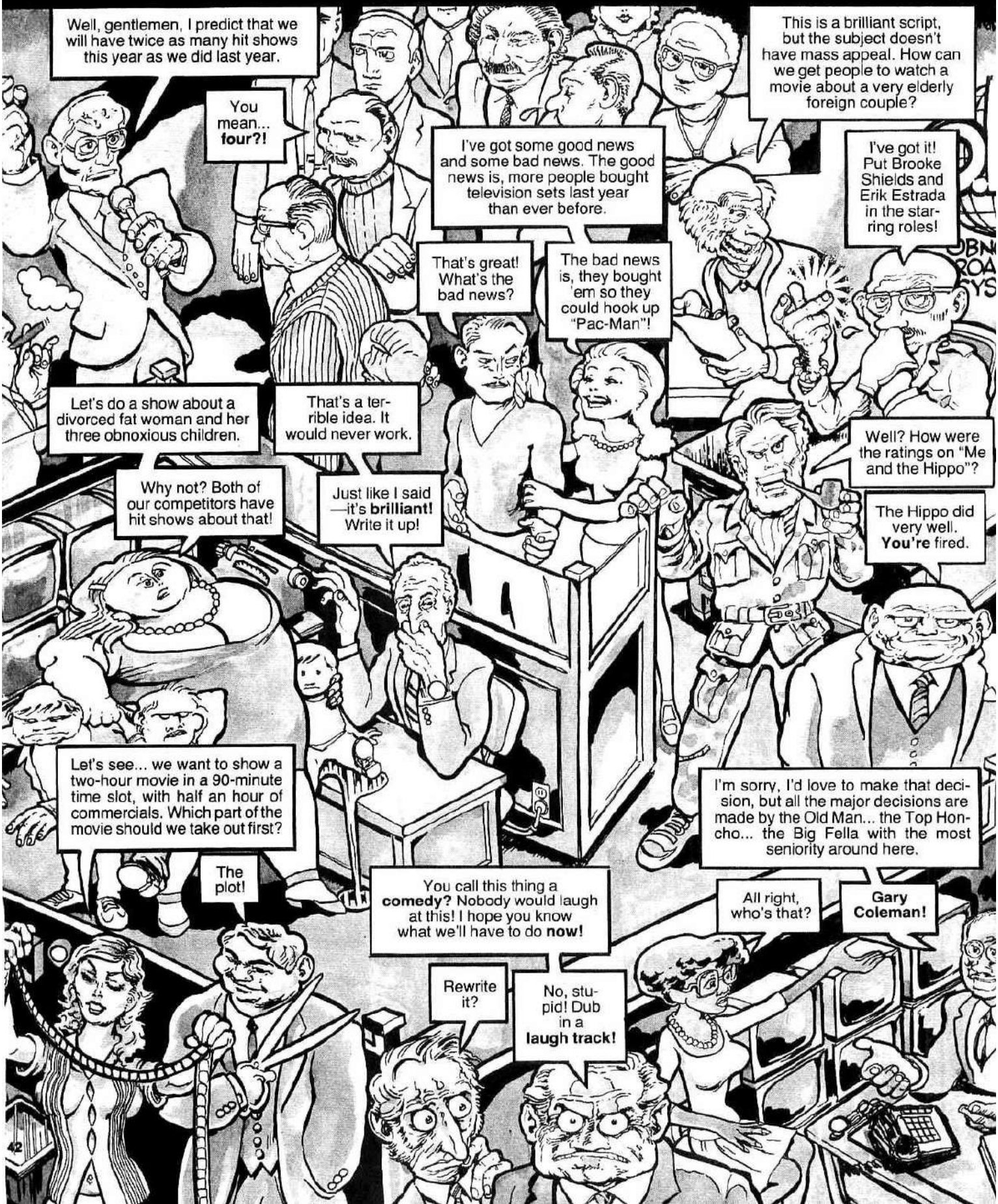
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING! EXECUTIVE PRIVILEDGE IS A MUCH BETTER POLICY!!!
YEAH, BUT ONLY IF YER THE EXECUTIVE!
TAPES? GAP? UMH.. I DON'T RECALL... MAYBE ONE OF THOSE FELLAHS KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT IT
THE ROYALTY CHECK IS HERE FROM YOUR BOOK, DICK.
?!* HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD THEM I WANT IT IN CASH IN A BROWN PAPER BAG!
LI-ARE PUBLISHING CO
Richard Milhaus Nixo
MEMO K.M. 'ales

Try to be friendly and co-operative.
THE FINAL REWARD
THE ROAD OF LIFE

FINALLY, LEARN TO SAY "NO". SAYING 'YES' ALWAYS COSTS MONEY. 'YES' MEANS YOU MAY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING. IF YOU DO ANYTHING, YOU MIGHT FAIL.
REMEMBER, WHEN IT COMES TO RESPONSIBILITY, THE BUCK STOPS SOMEWHERE ELSE.
WHEN IT COMES TO PAYCHECKS, THE BUCK STOPS HERE.
THE BUCK STOPS HERE

CRAZY Looks At

Writer: Robert Leighton



A T.V. Network

Artist: Ned Sonntag

Nowadays just about everyone is using advertising in their profession, including newcomers like doctors and lawyers. Many such people insist on appearing in and writing and editing their own commercials, sometimes with less than favorable results. Crazy Magazine presents one of these commercials in case you've wondered...

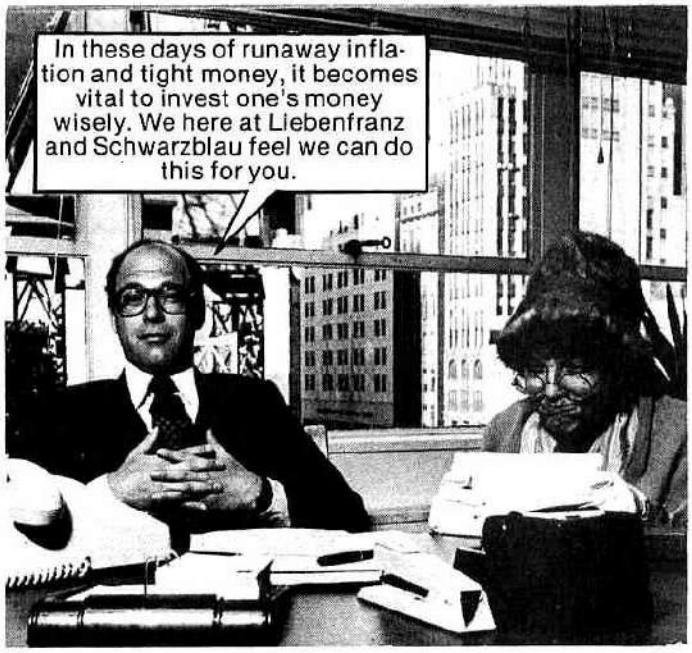
HOW *NOT* TO MAKE A COMMERCIAL

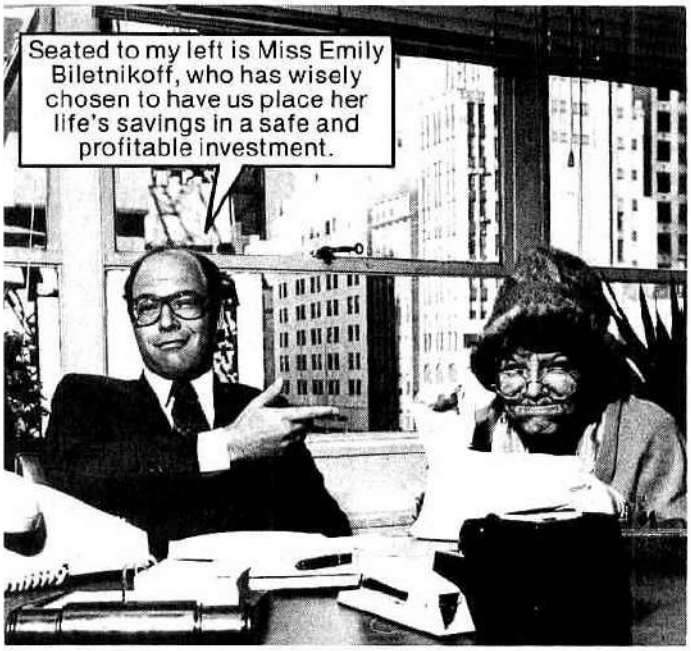
Writer: Stu Schwartzberg **Photographer: Eliot Brown**

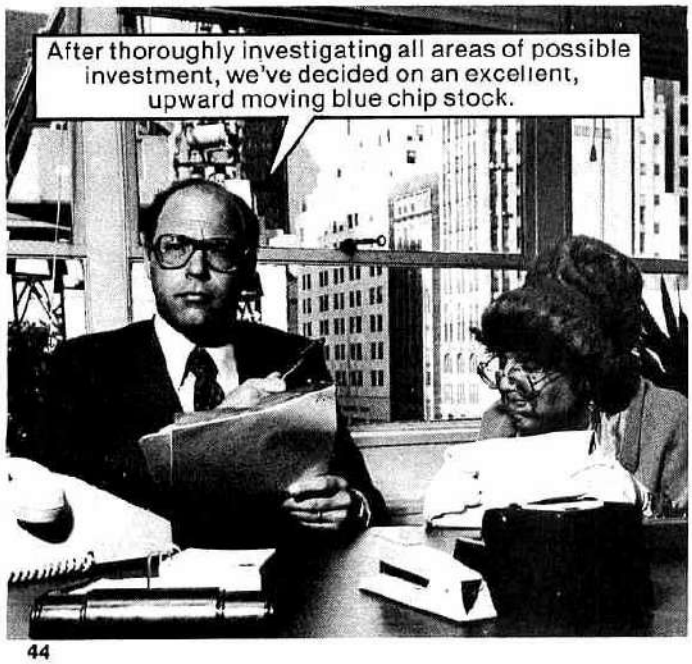
LIEBENFRANZ
AND
SCHWARZBLAU

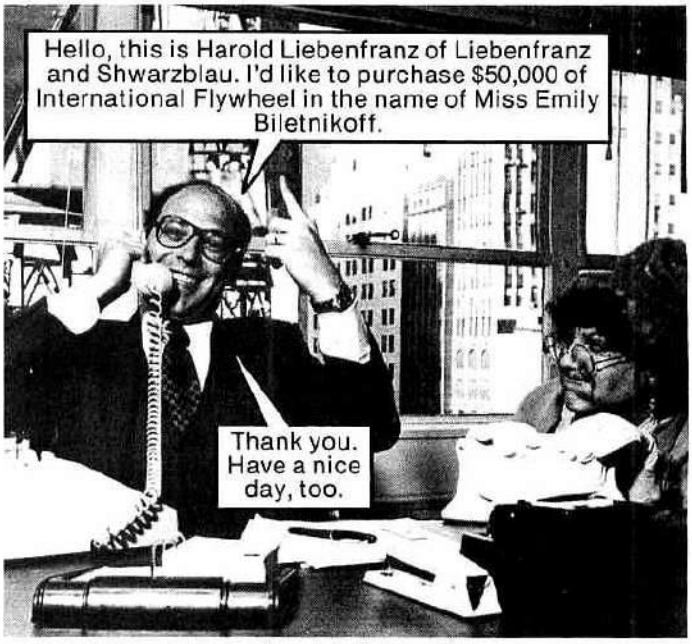
INVESTMENT COUNSELORS

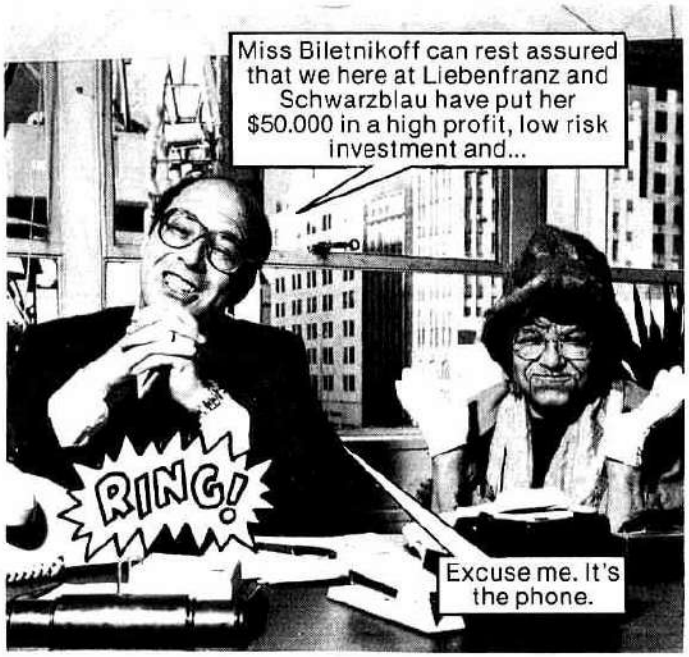
When Liebenfranz and Schwarzblau talk, people stop what they're doing and like listen in to what we're talking about and everything.











HEAR AMERICA'S TOP RECORDING STARS SING ABOUT THE TOP 20 INVESTMENTS. MAIL OR CALL NOW!

$10.95 8-Track Tape

$11.95 2-Record Set

LIEBENFRANZ AND SCHWARTZBLAU
BOX 800
TAX SHELTER, N.Y. 10022
or call **800-555-2211**

includes the hit single

INTERNATIONAL FLYWHEEL
by the
ROLLING STOCKS

UNCLE SAM'S
SURPLUS & NOVELTIES

FUNNY MASKS!

Wow! This mask is really KEEN! Spooky "ALIEN" quality when seen in the dark or when seen by elderly people with poor eyesight. PRACTICAL TOO!! Will filter out most toxic vapors including Chlorine Gas! (Sorry, it won't stop Gamma rays)

#526 $24.98
#527 Gas filters (available only in lots of 5,000) $10,017.56

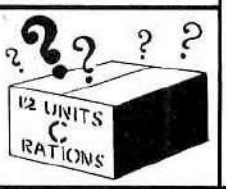
VERY LOUD FIREWORKS!!

You'll get a BANG out of this one! Pre-Viet-Nam issue fragmentation grenades make terrific party favors and can double as Christmas tree ornaments!

#793 $253.79 per dozen (uninspected)*
#794 $507.23 per dozen (inspected)
*Uncle Sam is not responsible for premature detonation of uninspected grenades.

MYSTERY SURPRISE PACKAGE!!

What's in it?
WE don't even know!
A surprise in every package!
#234 $6,556.00 per boxcar load



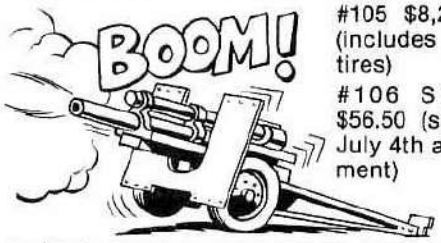
JOKE GAS!!

Wotta RIOT! C.S. Riot control gas. Immediate reaction! A million laffs! Won't stain clothes!

#795 $253.79 per dozen (#526 will come in handy with this item)

BIG BOOM CANNON!

Not a toy!! Fires 105mm projectiles at high velocities for tremendous effects! WOW!!! Terrific for INDEPENDENCE DAY!!!



#105 $8,226.57 (includes snow tires)
#106 Shells $56.50 (special July 4th assortment)

DEFOLIANT!!

Kills plants DEAD! Guaranteed to eradicate unwanted greenery (and most small vertebrates) As fast as you can spray it!

#687 $97.50 per 50 gal. drum

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that Agent Orange Defoliants are hazardous to your health and generally detrimental to the entire gene pool.

WHITE PHOSPHOROUS FLARE!

Burns through almost ANYTHING! Extremely difficult to EXTINGUISH! PERFECT for PRACTICAL JOKES!

#951 Only $179.98 per gross
#952 Flare proof asbestos glove $557.69

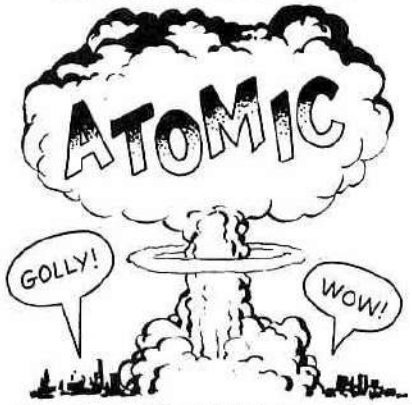
PLASTIC BODY BAGS!

Heavy duty zipper!
101 uses!
Durable construction!
Attractive O.D. color!
(Some slightly used)
Most popular sizes!

#724 $862.95 per gross (inquire about discounts on large quantities)

LOW YIELD NUCLEAR DEVICE!

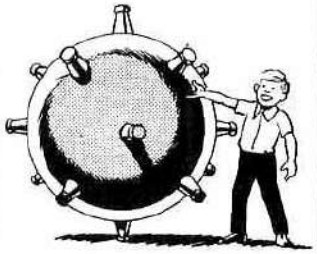
One to a customer!



#U235 $15,999,557.98 (no refunds)

MINES!

JEEPERS! Imagine your dad's surprise when he finds this authentic NAVAL MINE floating in the swimming pool! HISTORICAL VALUE! GREAT CONVERSATION PIECE! #391 $235.19



NAPALM!

Get it while it's HOT!
Smells like VICTORY!
Extremely cost-efficient!
#172 $850.67 per 200 gal. drop tank

BARBED WIRE!

Concertina type! Real G.I. Issue!
#257 $1.98 per mile (unrolled)
#258 $27.50 per mile (rolled)

10 DAY FREE EXAMINATION MONEY BACK GUARANTEE*

Offer valid only for third world countries currently controlled by military dictatorships.

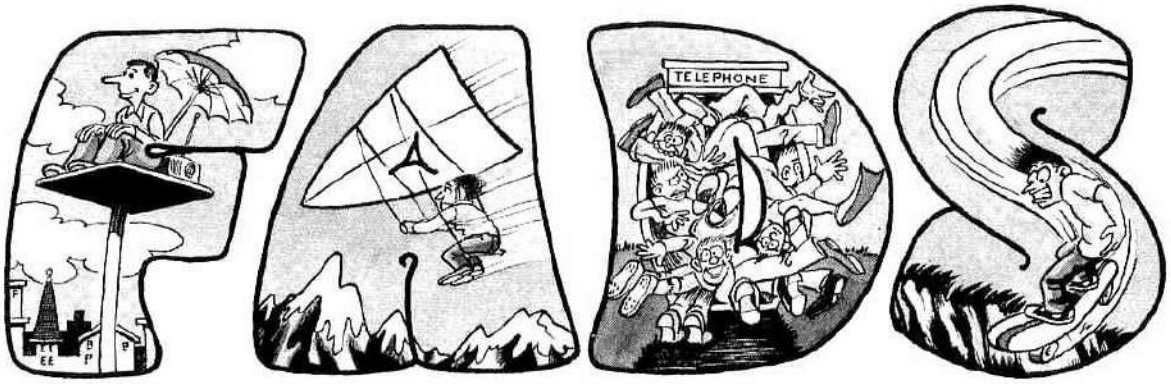
ORDER TODAY!
UNCLE SAM'S NOVELTIES AND SURPLUS Room 1776
The PENTAGON Arlington, Va.

NAME (print) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Item No.	How Many	Price Each	Total
		Total	

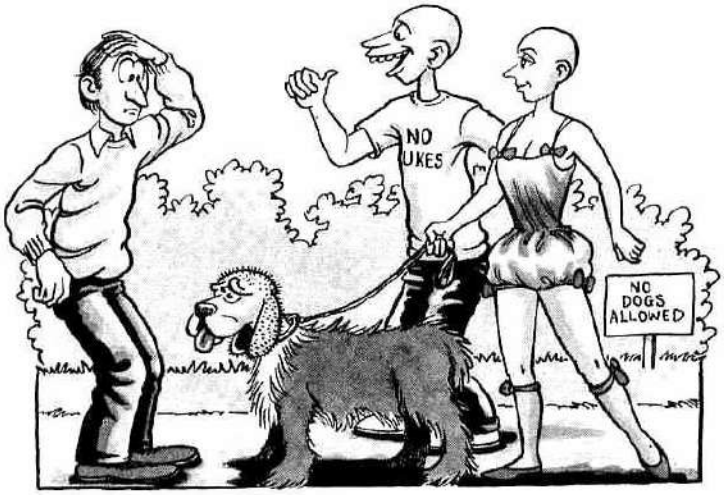
Post. & Hdlg orders 999,000. $8.000.00
Orders $100,000.00 & Over $10,000.00
Use other paper if necessary.
NO COD'S PLEASE

Write for information about becoming a sales agent, dealer or agent provacateur.



Writer and Artist: Peter Bramley

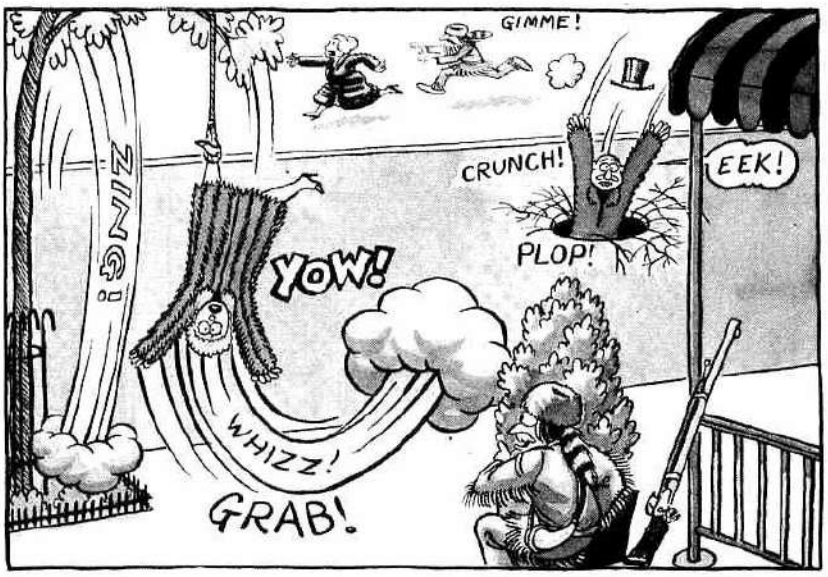
Every decade has its own Fads and crazes that lend personality, tone and style to each ten years of an otherwise humdrum, stultifying existence. The Fads of the 70's ranged from the thought provoking hang gliding to the more commonplace "Punk" fashions of wearing thumbtack studs in one's nose.



As the 1980's began, punk was out and high fashion came in like a drenched doorman. Both men and women were shaving their heads, but the ultra ultra-chic were shaving their pets as well!

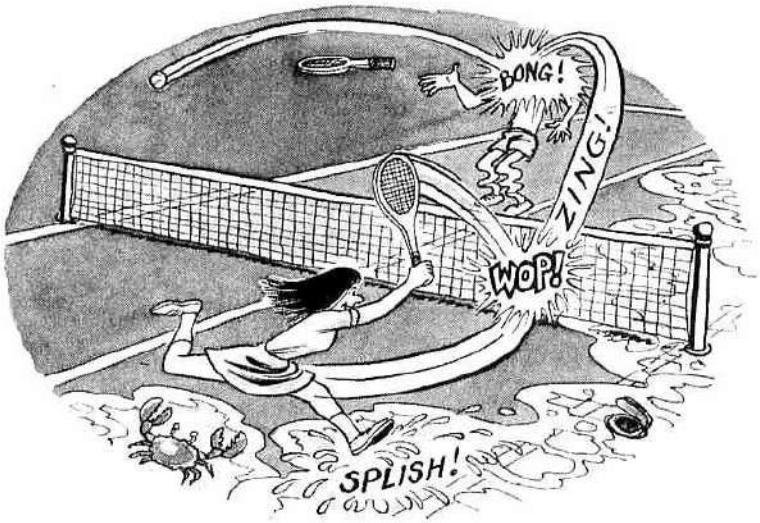
High fashion plastic surgery became all the rage in 1982 when aging superstar Elton John became the first to get his platform feet. In no time at all the cosmetic surgeons were busily installing platform feet, jive joints and decorative protective disco decibel ear baffles into their shaved customers everywhere.

A spiralling energy crunch earned the credit for creating the incredibly popular summer-weight winter suit with built in solar paneled energy converters for toaster-like warmth.

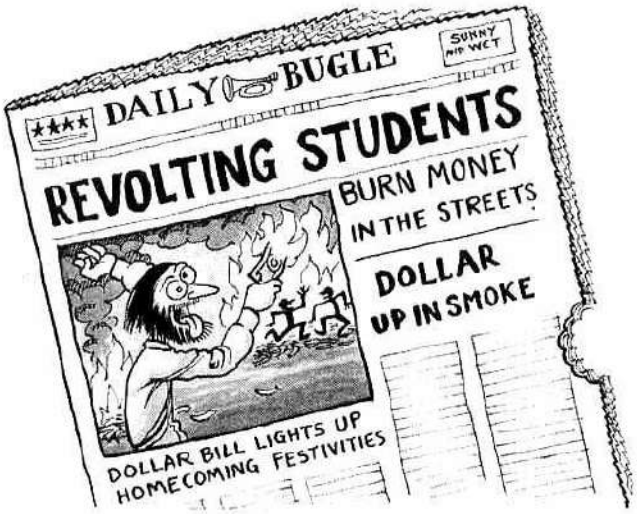


With the decline of fur-bearing wild game in the '80's, trappers were lured to the cities to lay their lines. It was a common sight by 1986 to stroll down Park Avenue and see a snared lynx-wrapped matron, or a bagged dowager chinchilla being "tanned" by erstwhile fur hunters.

With the disappearance of petroleum accompanied by skyrocketing rent prices, the defunct but still proud family car emerged as our nation's answer to the problem of low rent housing! Buick bungalows and Cadillac condominiums sprang up by the thousands, so that, by 1987 over three million families lived in converted automobile housing.

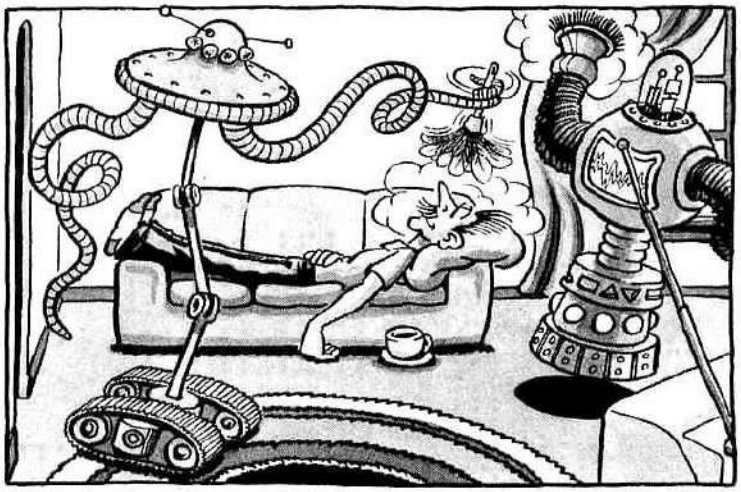


The mid-80's "pave the coastline" craze got underway when oil slicked beaches of the Gulf Coast were repaved from Mexico to Florida and converted into tennis courts and parking lots.

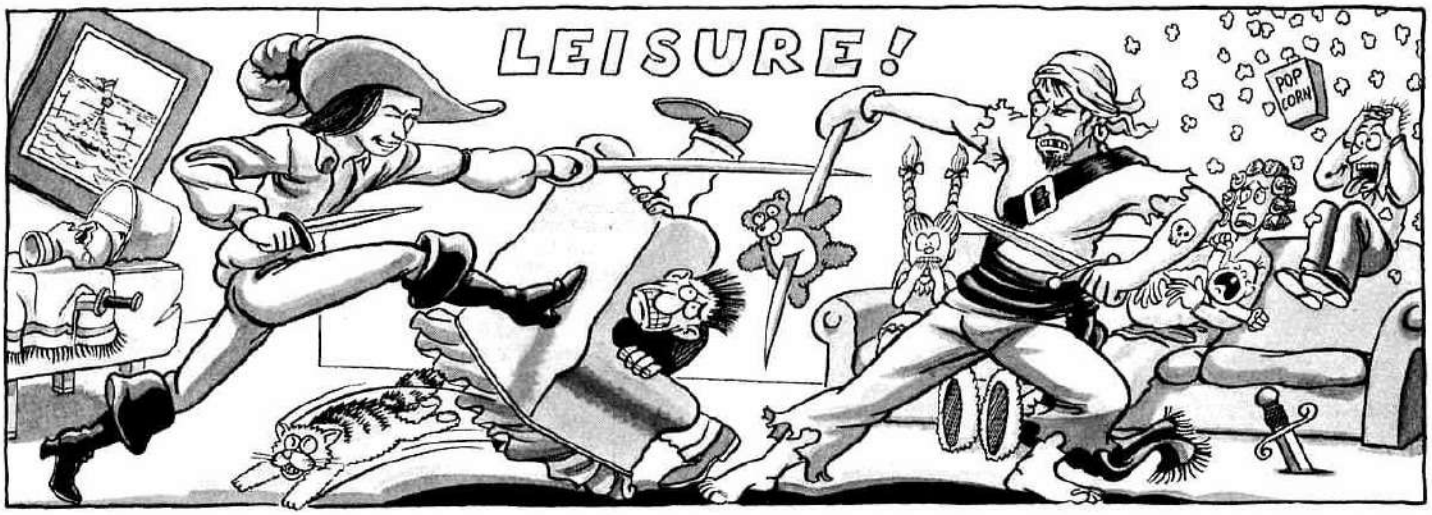


Runaway inflation and a no account dollar sowed the seeds of rebellion, creating ridiculous demonstrations reminiscient of the Sixties.

Gold fever ran rampant! Everyone tried to beg, borrow or steal it! In the end, however, people tried to make it at home and Alchemy became the nation's favorite hobby!



Household robots were being used for every household chore from mopping floors to spreading manure. Finally Mr. & Mrs. America could watch their soap operas without mundane distractions.



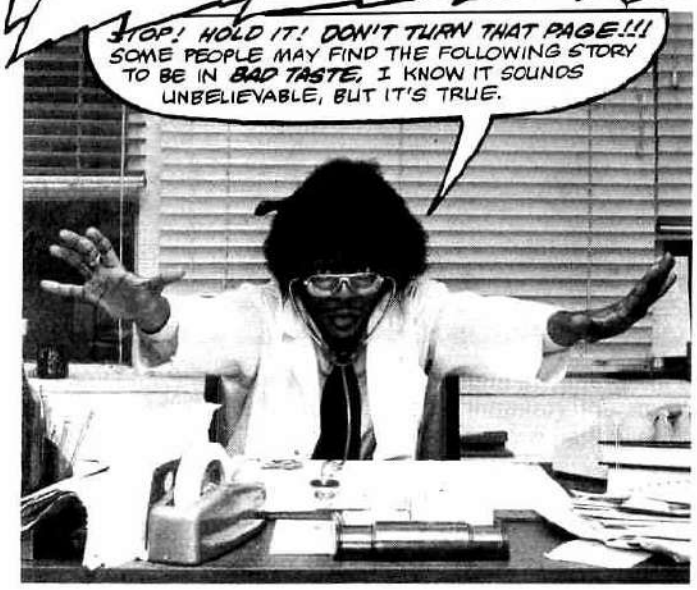
Television lost some ground, but video games soared. Home Holography, a multiple laser projection system which can create life size three dimensional images, was applied to the home entertainment market in the 1980's. Now for the first time people could experience ballet, or Captain Blood "live" in 3-D in their own homes.

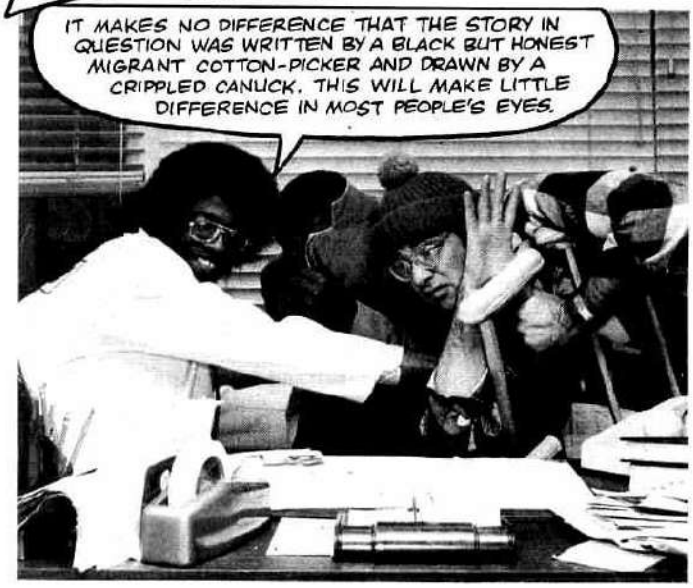
Where jogging and roller disco were hot in the 70's, ski-biking and hang sailing took over in the 80's. North American Bikey herds ranged from Maine to Washington, North to the Tundra and beyond.

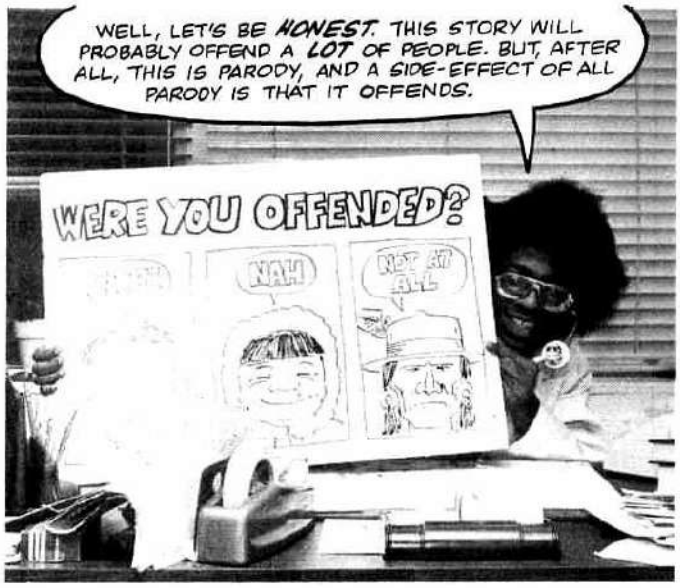
Hang sailing "wiped out" hang gliding in popularity when everyone realized that it was safer to hang from the keel of a speedboat than to hang from a kite.

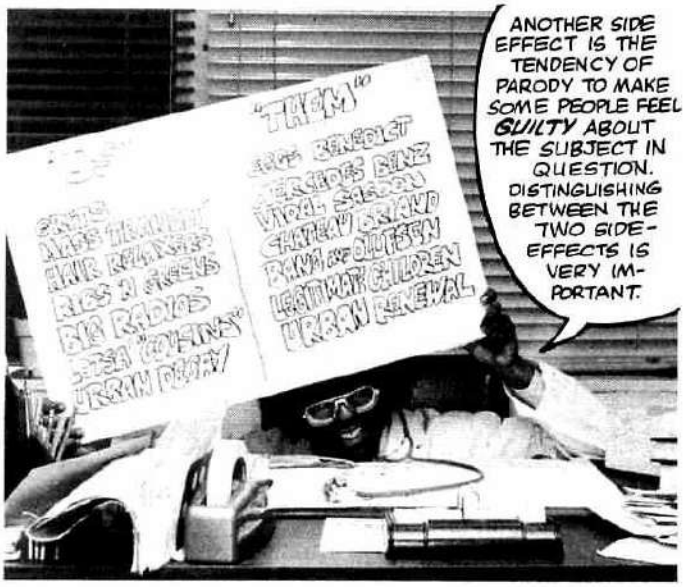
Marathon running grew ever popular throughout the decade. The biggest difference was the size of the field. The New York Marathon, the world's largest at the end of the 70's, was superceded in 1986 by the Great International Gulf Stream Oil Slick Marathon, in which over one and a half million runners ran from Galveston, Texas to Calais, France, non-stop.

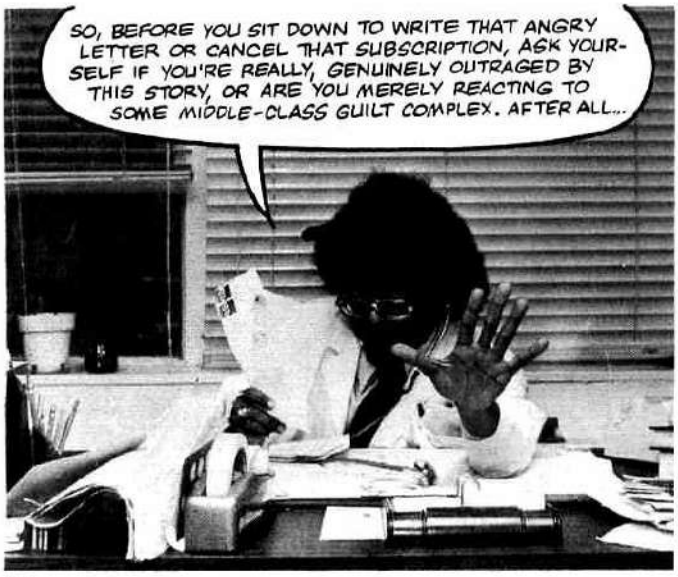
HEY GANG... THE RESPONSE TA ISSUE #85'S "THE BROWNSTONES" WUZ SO **OVERWHELMIN'**, WE'VE DECIDED T'DO **ANOTHER** PARODY IN TH'SAME GENRE (LOOK IT UP, NUMBSKULL). SO HERE AGAIN IS **DOC JIVETURKEY**, REPRINTED FROM THAT **VERY ISSUE!** AFTER A&L... WHY WASTE A GOOD INTRO...? **-O.T.C.**











WELCOME TO THE DARK AGES! IT IS HERE, BEFORE THE BIRTH OF NEW WAVE, THAT WE TRAVEL TO ONE OF THE ERA'S MOST EXCLUSIVE DANCE HALLS... CAMELOT! FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ THE STORY OF HOW DISCO CAME TO BE, IN THE PERSON OF...

THE BLACK KNIGHT!

SCRIPT (WITH APOLOGIES TO STAN LEE): JIM OWSLEY	ART: JOE MANEELY
LETTERING: JOE ALBELO & RICK PARKER	TONES: BETH FIRMIN

THEY CONSIDERED THEMSELVES CIVILIZED WAY BACK THEN. IN FACT, THEIR ONLY HANGUPS WERE THE DUMB CLOTHES AND STUPID HATS THEY USED TO WEAR... LIKE SIR JOEY!
HEY MAN... YA STINKIN' AIN'T RIGHT, BUDDY!
MOST OF THEM CONSIDERED THEMSELVES TO BE RATHER WITH IT AND HIP. MAINSTREAM BUBBLE-GUM ROCK N' ROLL WAS THE MUSIC OF THE DAY. LISTENING TO ANYTHING ELSE WAS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH!
HEY GUY... TURN UP THAT "CARPENTERS" SINGLE WHILE I CHOP THIS GUY'S HEAD OFF! I MEAN, SINATRA JUST ISN'T COOL, KNOWHATIMEAN?
SINGULARLY THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE WAS A HIGH-RANKING MEMBER OF THE HIERARCHY-- MERLIN BROWN--WHO WOULD SOMEDAY BE KNOWN AS THE ORIGINAL DISCO MAN!
JUST CALL ME MERL! I FEEL GOOD!

OF COURSE, TO EVERY AGE (AND EVERY MARVEL COMICS STORY) THERE'S A BAD GUY. MEET MORDRED LOCKS, THE HEAD DISC JOCKEY. HE WANTS TO REPLACE THE DANCE HALL'S ROCK N' ROLL WITH COSMIC REGGAE.
STICK WITH ME, TOOTS! SOON I'LL HAVE EVERYBODY IN TH' JOINT LURCHING ON TH' UPBEAT!
YOUR BREATH STINKS.
AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, THE CLUB OWNER; FONZO ARTHUR. HE CAN'T DANCE, AND HE HATES ROCK MUSIC, BUT HE MAKES A LOT OF MONEY SO HE DOESN'T CARE.
ROCK'S OKAY, BUT IT AIN'T GOT NO SOUL!
AS OUR TALE BEGINS, THE END OF ANOTHER BUSY DAY HAS FINALLY COME, AND...
SHUT UP, WILL YOU?!? I GOT SUCH A HEADACHE...!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD USES THE ROYAL COMMODE...
THUD!
GOSH, I'M SORRY... THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING...
THE IMPERIAL GUARD WAVES BYE-BYE...
SMILE!
WAIT! THERE'S SOMEBODY OUT THERE! GEE WHIZ... I WAS ALL SET TO ROLL MY HAIR!
YOUR BREATH STILL STINKS, YOUR CLOTHES ARE DIRTY, AND YOU SMELL LIKE A HORSE!
OPEN UP, YOU GUYTH! IT'S ME, RAYNARD! C'MON... I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE!
OH NO, IT'S RAYNARD OF NERDFAG! WHAT CAN WE DO?
LET'S BE REAL QUIET AND PRETEND WE'RE NOT HERE!
OH ARTHUR, YOU LOOK THO GOOD! I THEE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOURTHELF!
THAT I HAVE, RAY OLD B... WHATEVER! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO CAMELOT?

WELL, I'VE JUST COME TO TELL YOU THAT A NEW KIND OF MUTHIC ITH COMING! YOU'D BETTER GET READY FOR IT!
OH YEAH, JUST WHAT KIND OF NEW MUSIC, FEATHER HEAD?

WELL, IT'TH ALL DONE WITH SYNTHESIZERS AND ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTS! IT'S CALLED NEW WAVE, AND IT'TH TAKING THE WORLD BY STORM!
THIS FRUIT'S GOT A CHAIR MISSING SOMEWHERE! AND WHAT'S "ELECTRIC"...?

WELL, WE'RE CLOSED RIGHT NOW, AND EVERYONE'S TIRED! WHAT SAY WE TALK ABOUT THIS SOME OTHER TIME? MERL HERE WILL SEE YOU TO YOUR ROOM!
OKAY, ARTIE! BY THE WAY, I THIMPLY LOVE THAT ROBE.
I LOVE THOSE STOCKINGS WITH THE SEAMS!
I GO CRAZY OVER A MAN IN A DRESS!

HAVE A FUNKY GOOD TIME!
MAKE SURE HE'S AS FAR AWAY FROM MY BEDROOM AS POSSIBLE!

THIS WAY, KID... IT'S NOT TOO FUNKY IN HERE! IT'S A MAN'S WORLD!
HEY MERL... WHY DO YOU TALK LIKE THAAAT?

I'M SUPER BAD!
YOU WANNA DANCE?
NO.

LOOK MERL... THITH WATH YOUR IDEA! YOU WANNA CHANGE THE MUTHIC AT TH' DANCE HALL... AND I'M THUPPOTHED TO DRAW ATTENTION AWAY FROM YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT-EVERYONE WILL THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO SPIN THE TURNTABLES ON THEM, WHILE IT WILL BE ME ALL THE TIME!

DON'T YOU JUST HATE THESE OBLIGATORY "DISGUSSING THE PLOT" SCENES SO WE CAN INFORM THE READERS AS TO WHAT'S GOING ON?
THEY'RE ALMOST AS BAD AS CAPTIONS!

WELL, I HAVE TO SAY THAT OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE ONLY ONE PART OF A TWO-PART PLAN! THE OTHER PERSON WILL BE REVEALED SHORTLY AFTER WE TALK ABOUT HIM FOR A FEW PANELS!
THAY MERL...

...IF I ALREADY KNOW THAT, WHY DID YOU EXPLAIN IT TO ME?
FOR THE SAME REASON WE'VE TURNED INTO A TALKING CASTLE I GUESS!

ANYWAY, HERE'S MY OTHER SECRET AGENT...

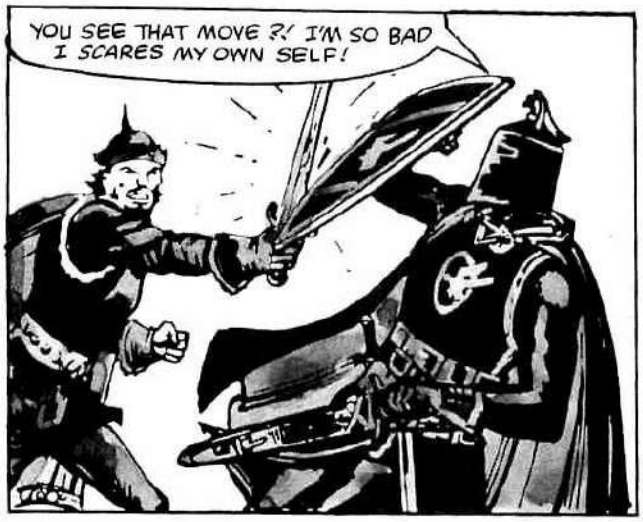
HE'S GONNA HAVE 'EM WRAPPED, TIED, AND TANGLED IN MY SOUL POWERED SHOTGUN! HE'S CALLED THE BLACK KNIGHT!
THAT'S RIGHT... I'M BAD!

OKAY, MERL... WE'RE TAKIN' OVER!
PUNK ROCKERS!
OKAY, YOU GUYS SET UP THE GIANT MUSHROOM, I'LL SLIP ON THE SID VICIOUS ALBUM!
MY MAN, YOU DUDES IS ACHIN' FOR A RAKIN'!
TO TH' BEAT, EVERYBODY... I SAID HIP, HOP...
...BOOGIE TO TH' FLOOR...
...YO MAMA'S UGLY AS A SORE...
...SHIMMY SHIMMY STAB!
OKAY, B.K.--YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW! ARTHUR WANTS A CHANGE AS MUCH AS I DO, BUT HE'S AFRAID OF LOSING MONEY! GO TELL HIM TO GET UP OFF THAT THING!
I'SE THE BLACK KNIGHT, YES I AM! IF I CAIN'T DO IT, NOBODY CAN!

AND SO, RAYNARD GOES ABOUT UPSETTING THE OPERATION! WHILE THE BLACK KNIGHT REMAINS INCOGNEGRO!
FOR THE FIFTH TIME, I DON'T WANT TO LEARN HOW TO SNAP MY FINGERS!
OH, DON'T BE A THPOIL-THPORT! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP TH' RHYTHM ON THESE COLD NIGHTS?
ALTHOUGH RAYNARD ACTS LIKE A FLAKE, COULD IT BE THAT HIS REAL INTENTIONS ARE TO KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON THE GO-INGS-ON? WELL? NAH! HE'S JUST A FLAKE.
HEY! WE JUST GOT IN THE NEW JUICE NEWTON ALBUM! ARTHUR'S THROWING A BASH IN THE WOODS TO CELEBRATE!
THOTH GUYTH ARE THO THILLY! LET THEM HAVE THEIR OLD PARTY! I'LL GO DANCE!
NOT A BAD IDEA, IF ONLY RAYNARD COULD DANCE!
C'MON GET WITH IT! LET YOURSELF GO!
I'M THORRY! THE MUTHIC ITH JUST TOO ORCHESTRATED!
WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, CLOWN! NEW WAVE WILL NEVER CATCH ON! NEITHER WILL ACTING SILLY AND FEMININE!
OH YEAH? WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT NEW YORK IN A THENTURY OR TWO? HMMM?
THE GIRL WHIRLS AROUND HEARING STRANGE, UNKNOWN MUSIC, AND SEES... THE CORNER OF THE BRICK WALL!
THAT...STRANGE MUSIC. THAT FOUR QUARTER BEAT! THAT HEAVY BASS! WHAT IS IT?!?
♩HOT PANTS!♩

MEANWHILE, THE PARTY'S ABOUT TO START!
DRUGS AND SEX ANR ROCK'N ROLL!
HOW LUCKY TO NOT BE SUBMITTED TO THE COMICS CODE!
IS THAT TURNTABLE SET UP YET?
YES, ARTHUR! I'M GOING FOR MUNCHIES AND BEER!
YEAH, ME TOO!
MEANWHILE, THE BLACK KNIGHT HURRIES TO THE PARTY, HIS TRUSTY GHETTO BOX CLEVERLY HIDDEN UNDER HIS HORSE'S TAIL!
GET DOWN!
WELL, ME AND MY HORSE ARE GONNA DANCE!
DANCE!
SIZZLE!
ROCK IT UP, MAN!
SHAKE IT, HORSIE!
AS THE MUSIC HEATS UP, SO DO A FEW TEMPERS!
SPILL BEER ON MY HORSE, WILL YOU!?

EVEN AS THE BRAWL HEATS UP, A LOUD STEADY BEAT CAN BE HEARD!
WHAT IS IT?
IT LOOKS LIKE A RECTANGLE WITH WORDS IN IT!
DON'T SWEAT IT, MAN. I'LL PUT THE CHILL ON THEM DUDES!
SUCH HORRIBLE BLOODSHED! SUCH VIOLENCE! WHERE HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE LIKE OF IT?
ONE TWENNY-FIF' AN' LENOX!
THE PARTY ENDS WITH A BUNCH OF DRUKEN SLOBS LYING BLISSFULLY ASLEEP..
ROCK IT OUT, BABY BUBBA!
THANKS FOR THE HAND! SAY, JUST WHO ARE YOU?
I'SE THE BADDEST JOUSTER THAT EVER JOUSTED A JOUST, JACK!
HEY... WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? THAT DISCO MUSIC'S GOT EVERYBODY DANCIN' IN THE STREETS!
I DON'T LIKE YOU ETHNIC TYPES JUST WALKING IN AND CHANGING THINGS AROUND!
CHILL OUT!


YOU SEE THAT MOVE ?! I'M SO BAD I SCARES MY OWN SELF!

MORDRED, YOU'RE FIRED! THAT'S RIGHT, I FOUND THOSE PETER TOSH ALBUMS YOU'VE BEEN SLIPPING INTO THE PLAY STACK!
AWW GEE... FOILED AGAIN!

YOU HEARD THE MAN... TAKE A WALK, LIGHT BRITE!
UP YOURS, BUDDY!
GEE... NOW WHERE AM I GONNA GET A NEW D.J.?

HEY MAN, I GOT THAT COVERED! I'SE THE BADDEST D.J. THERE IS! AND I CAN ROCK THE MIKE TO THE EARLY LIGHT! SUCKER M.C.'S JUST CRAMP MY STYLE! I'LL ZAM-ZAM-A-ZIB-ZIB-ZAM YOU OUTTA THIS STRATOSPHERE! I'M ALSO A WHIZ AT THREE CARD MONTE!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

OKAY, DO ME A FAVOR...? SCRATCH MY BACK PLEASE.. A LITTLE LOWER... THAT'S IT...

AND SO, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! CAMELOT GOES ON TO MAKE MILLIONS! THE BLACK KNIGHT BECOMES FAMOUS! AND MERLIN...
THAT WORKED OUT NICELY! NOW THAT POPPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG, I'LL CREATE MY ULTIMATE DISCO DESIGN... DONNA SUMMER!!!
THE END

In the first "Death Twitch" movie, Paul Crazy's wife was killed and his daughter Karen was driven mad by some punks in New York. Now he's in Los Angeles for a change in scenery, but uh-oh here comes...

DEATH TWITCH II

Writer: Stu Schwartzberg **Artist: Kent Gamble**

Gosh, fellows— what'll we do for entertainment?

Well, we've already been to the opera **twice** this week.

Our next "Young Republicans" meeting isn't 'til **tomorrow.**

Let's discuss the economy with some of our **fellow citizens.**

HOT DOG

GIVE PUNK

THUG

Hello, sir, would you like to contribute to an actor who's doomed to portray **scuzzballs** for the **rest** of his **life?**

Hey!

Come **back** here!

You got my **wallet,** punk?!

Why would they help **you?** You're **confused,** punk!

You better **stop**— or I'll report you to the **Jewish Defense League,** the **Italian-American Society,** the...

Wouldn't **you** be— what with all this **slapping around,** old bean?

WAP

The guy whose wallet we swiped lives here.

Let's go in and make some *heh-heh-heh* small talk with that lady!

Hi! Obnoxio here! This may be a **pretty gross magazine**— but even **we** wouldn't show what they're doin' to th' maid!

Let's just say it's as bad as making her watch **reruns** of **"Too Close For Comfort"!**

AEEEEE

YAA

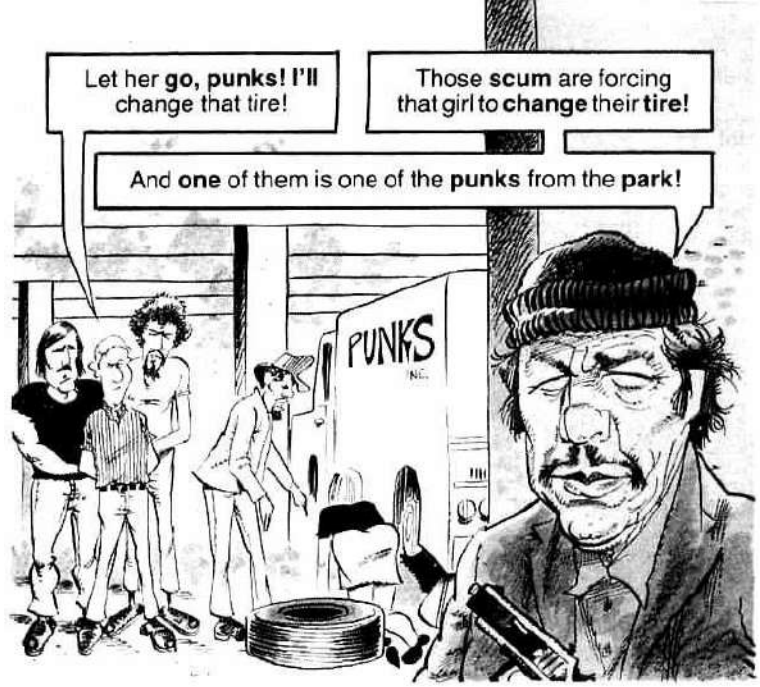
YEOW!

HELP

AAAA

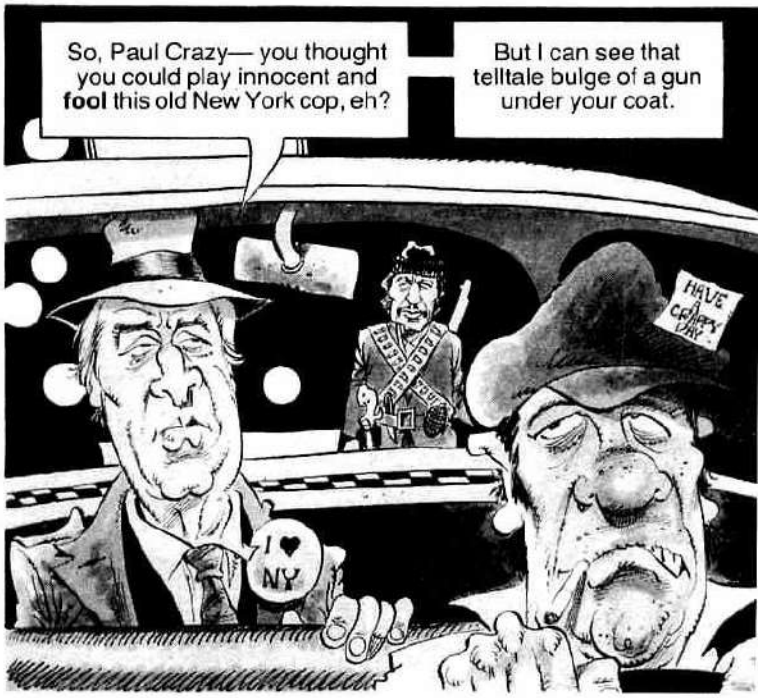
PANT PANT

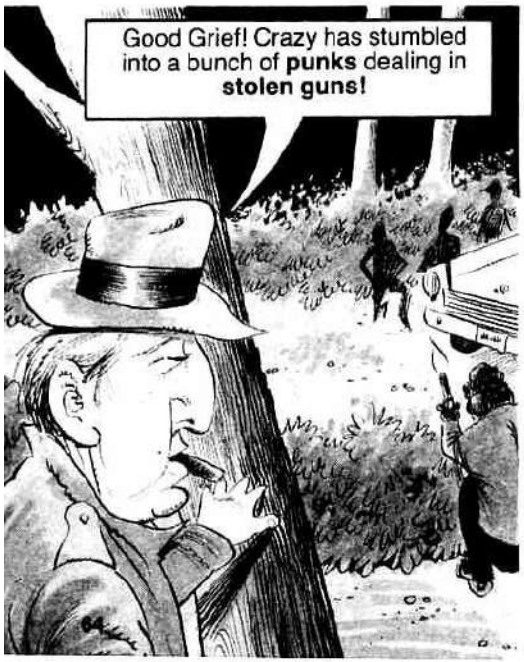
Days later... a strange funeral...

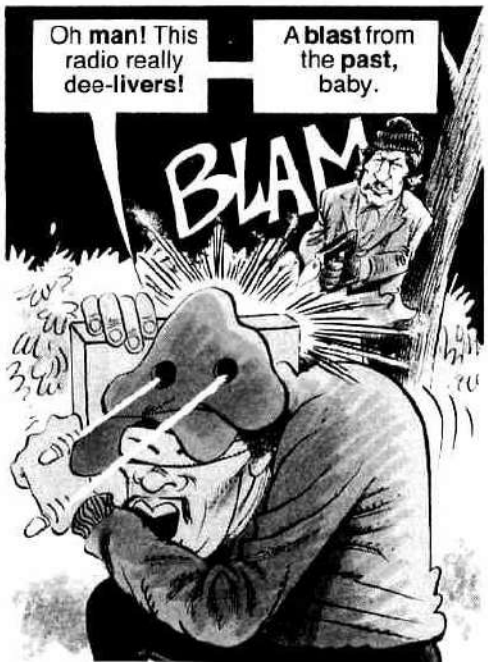

Let her **go, punks! I'll** change that tire!
Those **scum** are forcing that girl to **change** their **tire!**
And **one** of them is one of the **punks** from the **park!**
PUNKS INC.

I hope you folks don't turn me over to the cops.
Are you **kidding?** As far as we're concerned, you're a seven-foot tall French-American stabbing a three-foot tall Chinese-American!
POW!

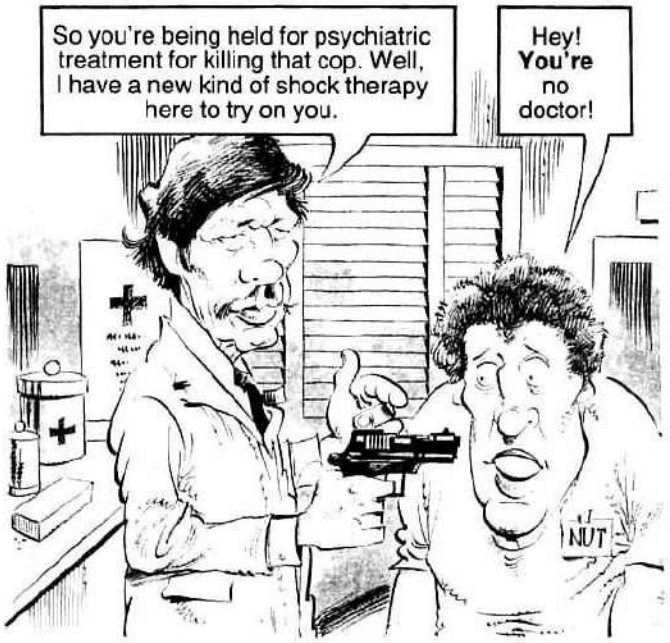
Paul, a New York cop was here last night and said you killed **nine people** there. Tell me it's **not true!**
A **cop?** What's a **cop?** Where's **New York?** Paul? Who's **Paul?**
I **knew** you could clear that up for me.


So, Paul Crazy— you thought you could play innocent and **fool** this old New York cop, eh?
But I can see that telltale bulge of a gun under your coat.
HAVE A CRAPPY DAY
I ♥ NY

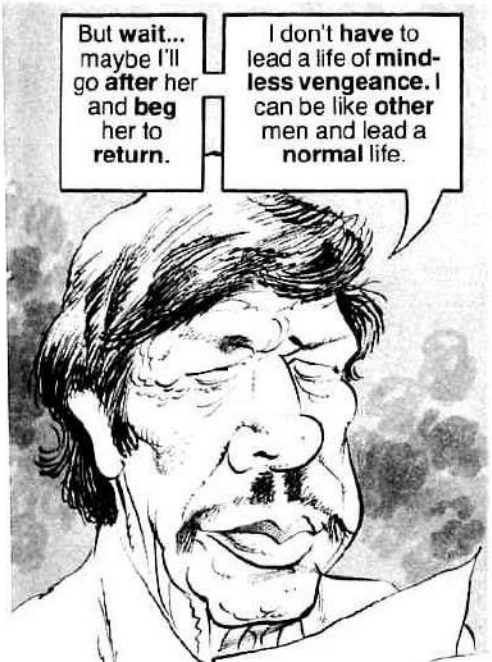

Good Grief! Crazy has stumbled into a bunch of **punks** dealing in **stolen guns!**


Oh **man!** This radio really dee-**livers!**
A **blast** from the **past,** baby.
BLAM

I'll **help** you, Crazy! I'll... AGGGH!
It's that **cop** from **New York.** He's been **hit!**
RAT-A-TAT-TA



Back at his apartment...

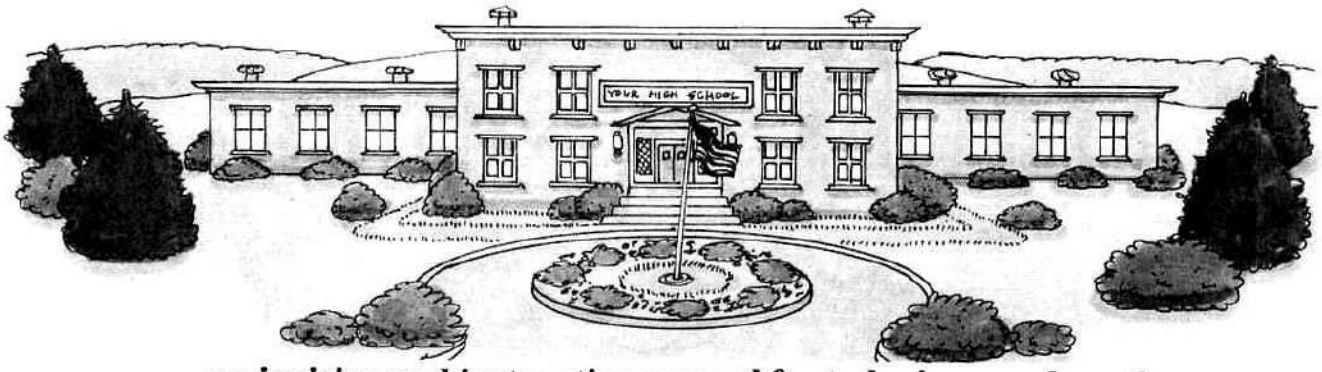


END

HOW TO SUCCEED IN SCHOOL EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE SUPREMELY STUPID

(. . .you know, can't even tie your own shoe-laces and like that . . .)

Writer: Steve Skeates Artist: Mary Wilshire

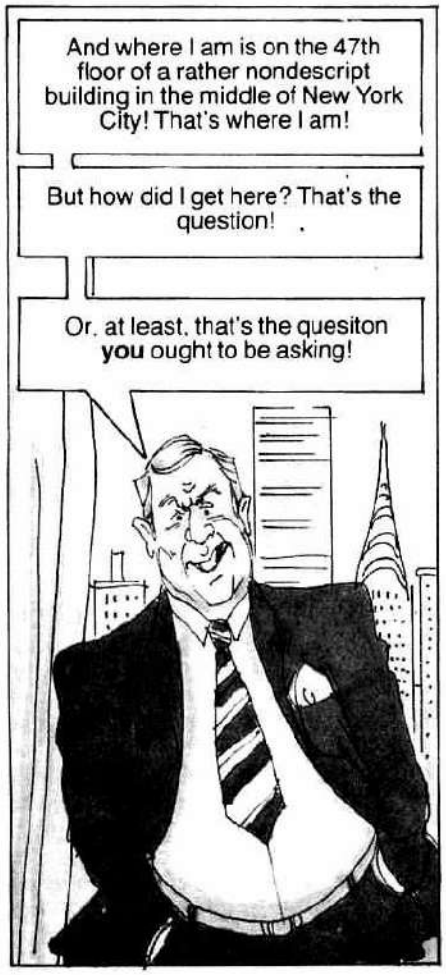


—an incisive and instructive manual for today's crazed youth—

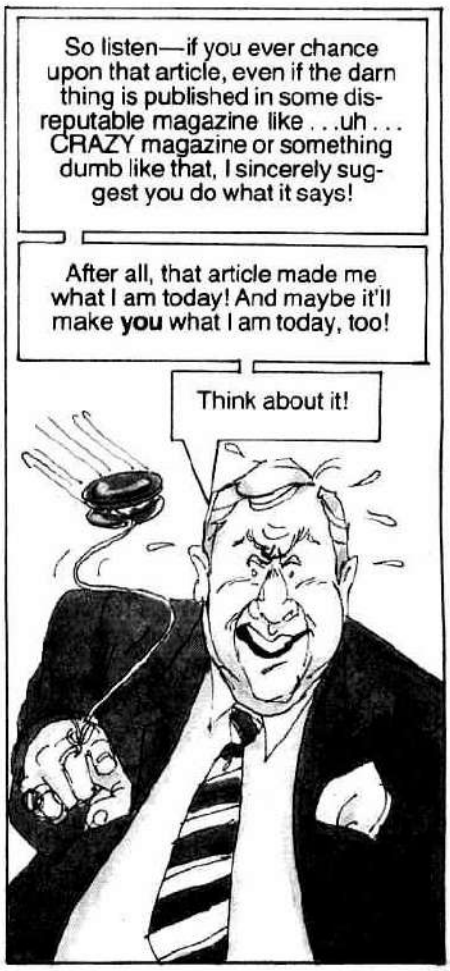
Ms. Withersham, make out the usual form letters of complaint and send them to I.T.&T. and Ford Motor Company. You know, tell them to stop trying to horn in on my turf! They're really getting to be a thorn in my side!
And while you're at it, sharpen my crayons for me, willya?

Oh, hi there! I didn't hear you come in!
Allow me to introduce myself! I'm a highly successful upper-management true-blue American businessman! That's who I am!
But beyond being highly successful, I'm also supremely stupid!

I mean, I have an I.Q. approximately equivalent to the number of fingers and toes I possess!
And I lost two of my toes during the war!
But, as you can see, being stupid hasn't stopped me from getting where I am . . .


And where I am is on the 47th floor of a rather nondescript building in the middle of New York City! That's where I am!
But how did I get here? That's the question!
Or, at least, that's the quesiton **you** ought to be asking!

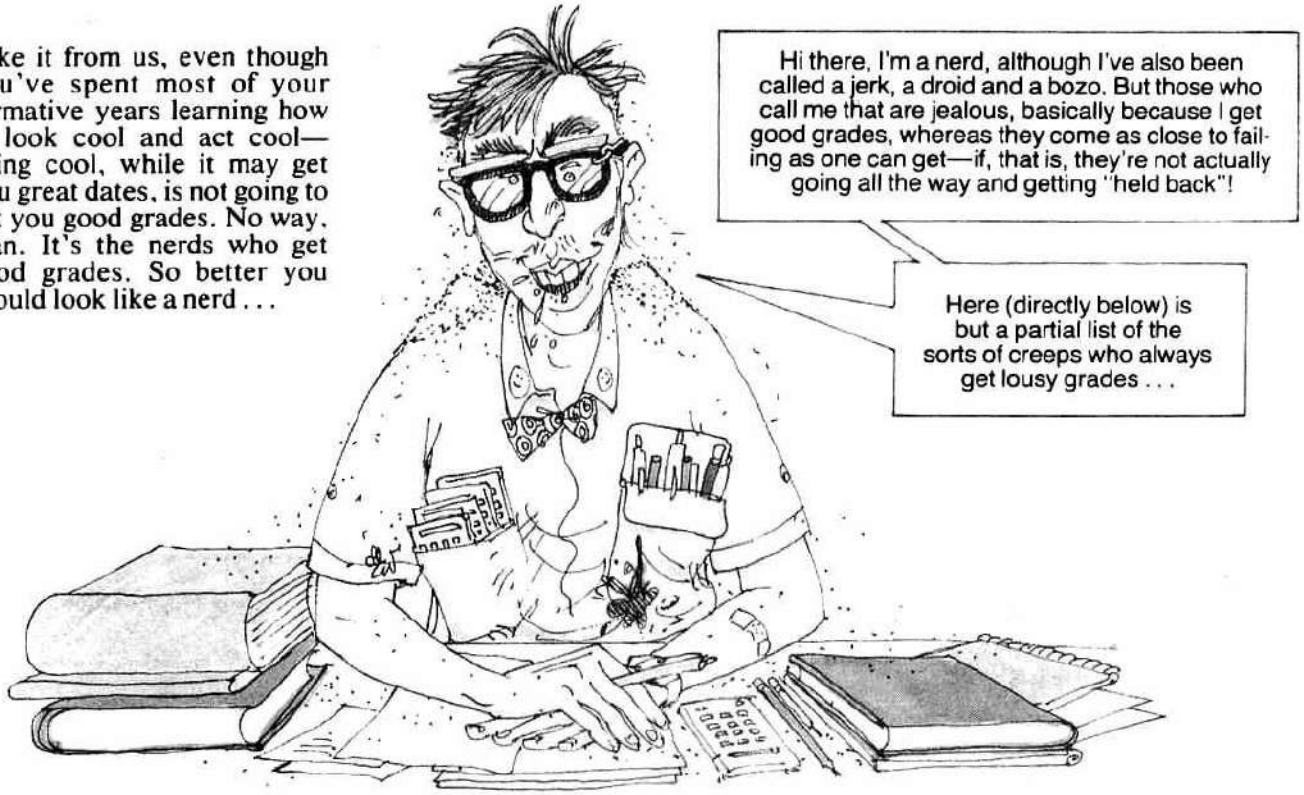
And the answer to your oh so clever question is that years and years ago, back when I was still in school, I received an advance copy of an article entitled "How To Succeed in School Even Though You're Supremely Stupid."
And, wow! I'm telling you, that article sure got things going for me!


So listen—if you ever chance upon that article, even if the darn thing is published in some disreputable magazine like . . .uh . . . CRAZY magazine or something dumb like that, I sincerely suggest you do what it says!
After all, that article made me what I am today! And maybe it'll make **you** what I am today, too!
Think about it!

Well, so much for testimonials! Now, let's get down to the crux of the matter. And, the first crux you're going to *have to* bear is learning to look like you're smart . . .

LOOKING THE PART

Take it from us, even though you've spent most of your formative years learning how to look cool and act cool—being cool, while it may get you great dates, is not going to get you good grades. No way, man. It's the nerds who get good grades. So better you should look like a nerd . . .



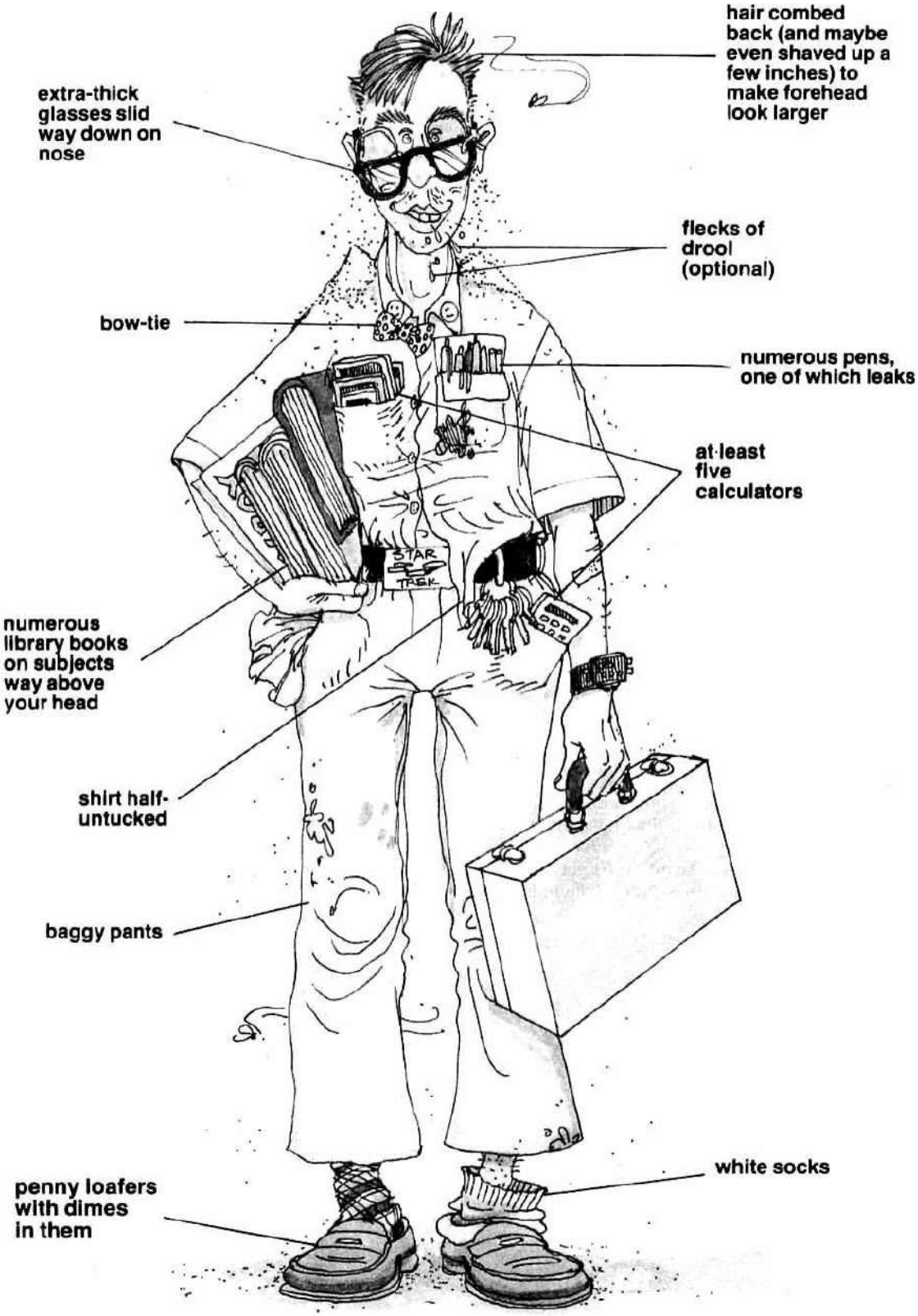
MR. TRULY COOL: He wears shades and his velvet shirt unbuttoned to the navel so that everyone who's anyone can get a good look at the seventeen gold chains he wears around his slender neck. He says "Well, you know" a lot, and his teachers are convinced that if he once had a brain it has long since atrophied thanks to disuse. So even when he does good work, his chances of getting a good grade are fairly nil.

SIDNEY PUNK-UGLY: He would look exactly like something out of the fifties if it weren't for the safety pins he wears through his garments and his flesh. His face is usually covered with self-inflicted bruises. In class he sits quietly, whacked-out and inanimate, which is why his teachers give him approximately the same grade they'd give to a rock or a chair.

MS. EXTREME POPULARITY: She's tall, blonde and beautiful. She recently moved to town and will have nothing to do with her fellow students, mainly because she's too busy dating college students. Her female teachers will never give her good grades because they're secretly jealous of her. And, as for her male teachers, most of them were once nerds themselves, which means they were once put down by some chick just like this cutie, all of which means . . .well, you know.

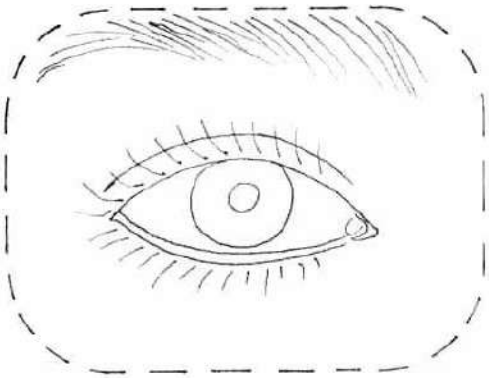
Of course, Mr. Truly Cool, Sidney Punk-Ugly and Ms. Extreme Popularity are not the only ones who are destined and determined never to succeed scholastic-wise. The list, in fact, continues with such familiar everyday characters as: the consumate jock, the motorcycle radical, the sumo wrestler, the baltimore oriole, the irish setter and the refrigerator, not to mention all left-handed people, your lab partner and Debbie Schwartz. But so what? The main point is that any of these people (with the possible exception of Debbie Schwartz) can turn the tables on *themselves* simply by changing their image. Here's how . . .

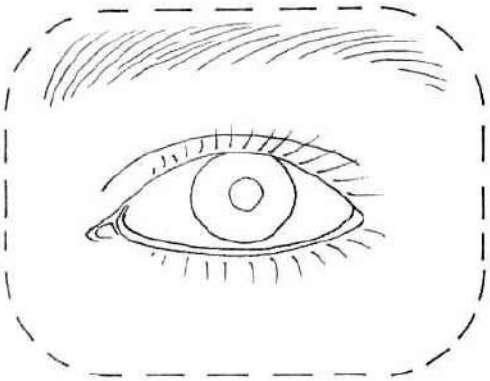
THE COMPLETE NERD LOOK



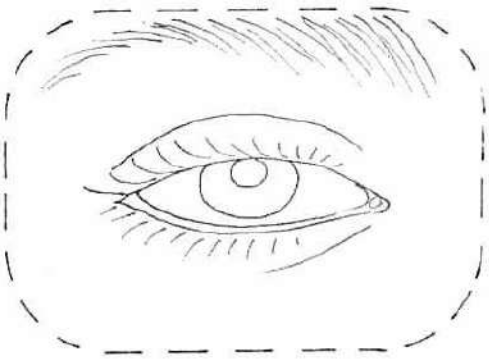
THE EYES HAVE IT

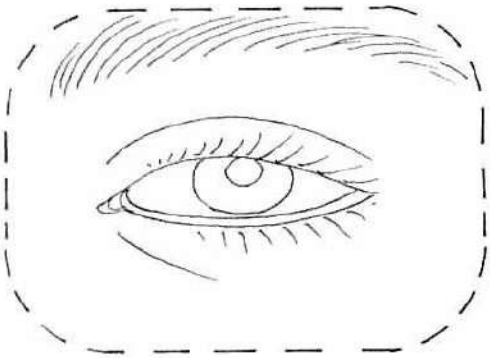
If, like most students, you have a problem staying awake in the classroom— boy, do we have an answer for you. Simply cut out the fake wide-awake eyes below, color them with your crayons, your colored pencils, or your day-glo water-based oil paints, and paste them over your own sleeping eyes. But wait, you can't use these particular eyes in every class...





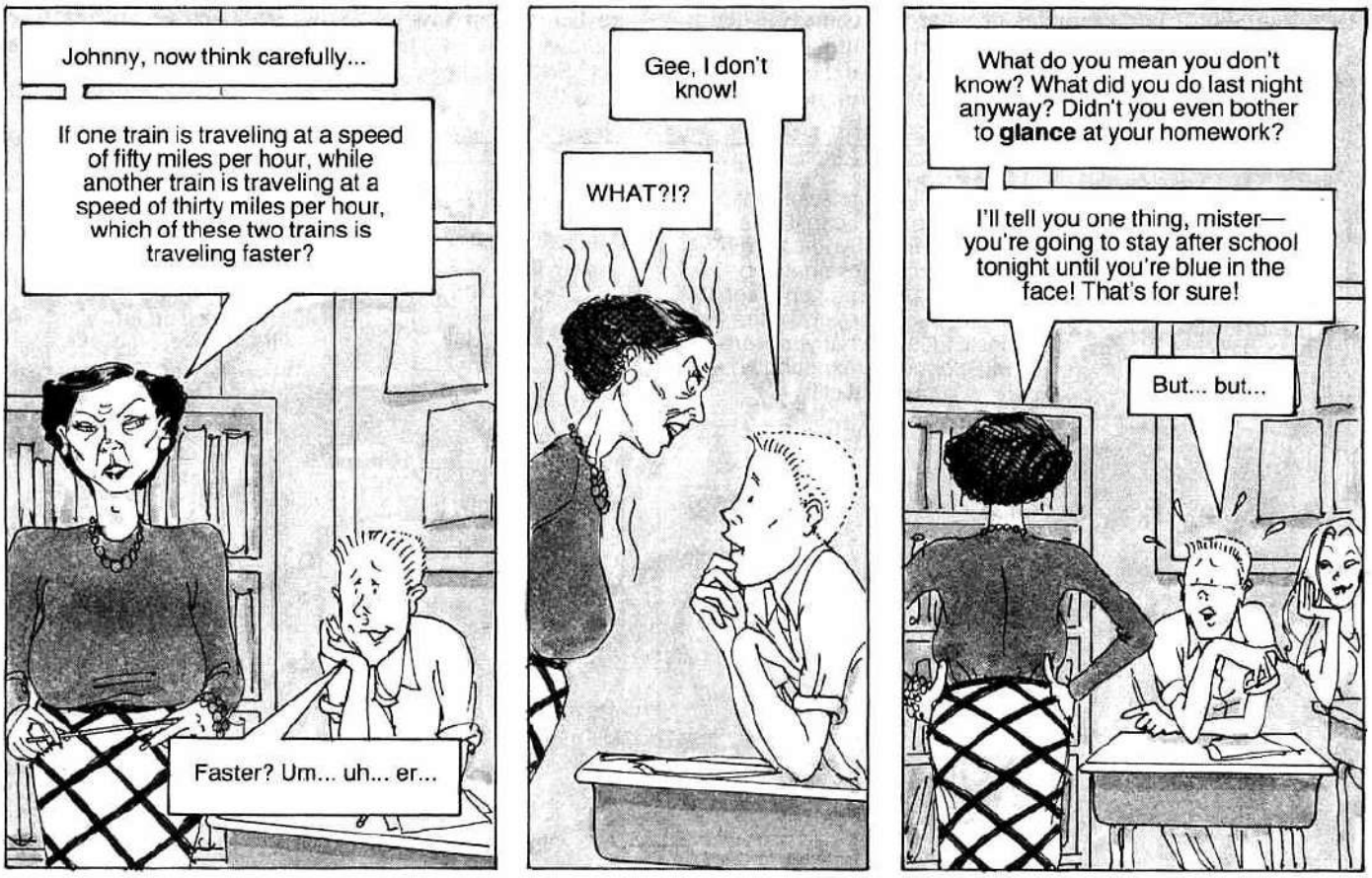
...mainly because some classes are so boring that nobody in his or her right mind could possibly stay wide-awake during them. Thus, if you use the wide-awake eyes in one of those classes, people (your instructor included) will undoubtedly think there is something wrong with you (like, you're on drugs or something). Therefore, in this case, you should instead use these half-awake eyes we now give you...





WARNING: No matter which pair you choose, when the bell rings at the end of a class period, thus awakening you, please try not to forget that you're wearing fake eyes over your real optical orbs... because, if you do forget, chances are good to excellent that you'll stupidly conclude that you've suddenly gone blind, which, knowing you, will send you into a complete panic, running all around, screaming and bumping into all sorts of walls and desks and stuff, thus bloodying your nose, scraping up both your knees, and making you late for your next class.

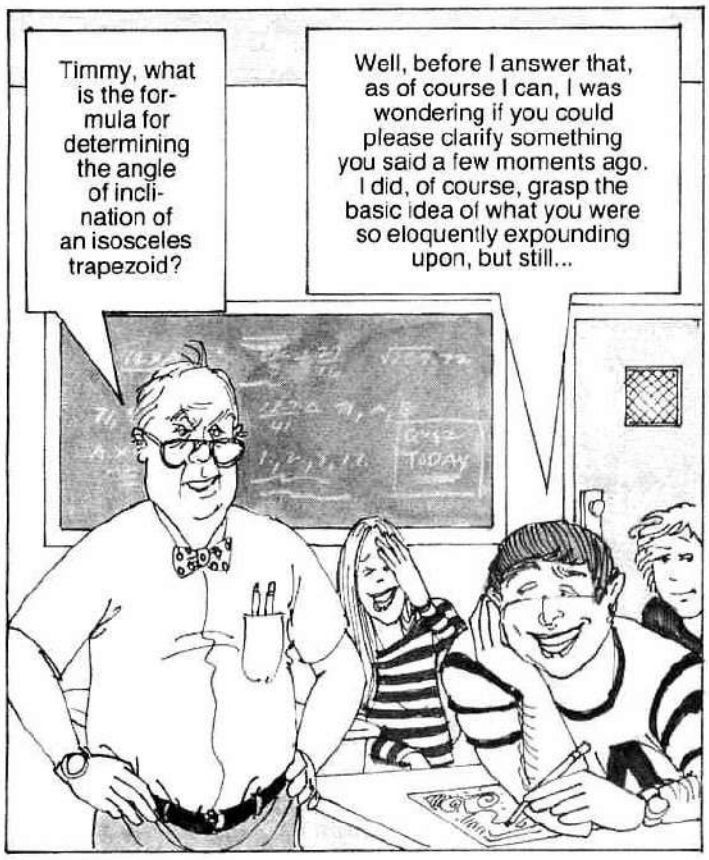
Of course you can't very well sleep during those classes in which the instructor is always calling upon you and asking you to answer some silly question. As a matter of fact, what **should** you do when you get thusly called upon? Well, first of all, you should never— never ever— do what the stupid student depicted below is doing...

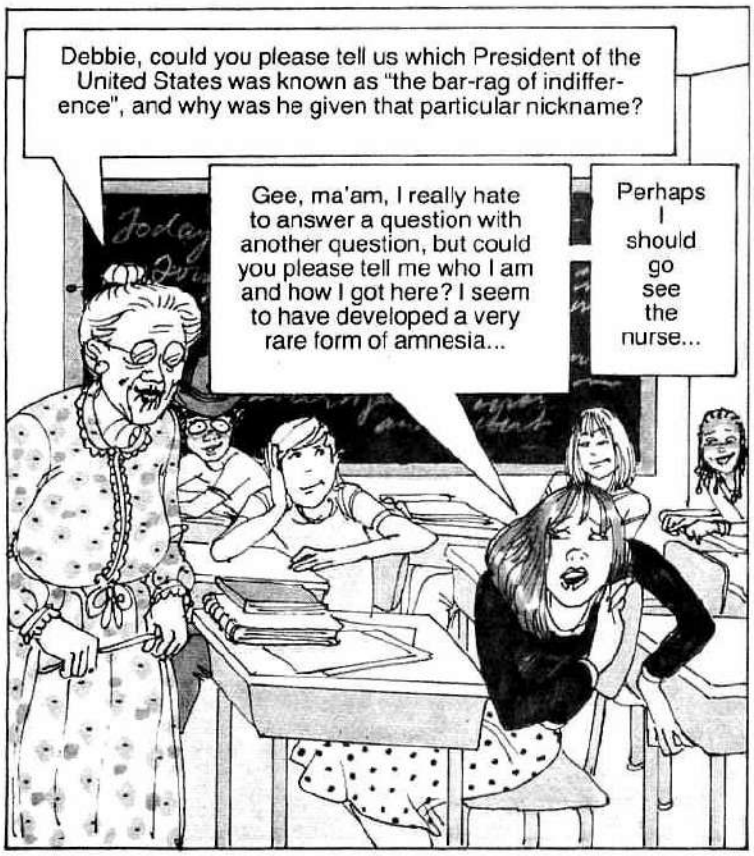


There! See all the trouble he got into simply by admitting that he didn't know the answer? That's the first rule of thumb: even if you don't know the answer, never **admit** that you don't know. Here, by way of example, is the same question being asked of an equally stupid student, but this student knows how to handle his own ignorance...

ADDITIONAL ANSWERS

Below are but a few examples of what you can say when called upon to answer a question for which you haven't the slightest idea what the answer might be. Some of these are, of course, better than others, but, needless to say, all of them are better than saying "Wow, gee, you've got me there, y'know— I mean, I haven't the foggiest," or words to that effect. So it might just be a good idea to memorize a few of these.



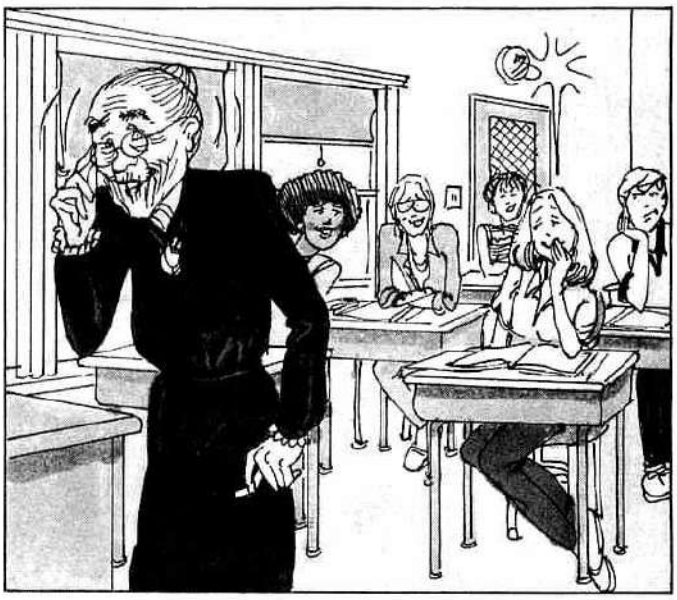


Many scholastic overachievers believe that the best way to get good grades in any particular class is to become that particular teacher's TEACHER'S-PET. A teacher's pet, after all, enjoys a certain amount of freedom as well as prestige. But how can one obtain such a highly sought-after position in the scholastic hierarchy?

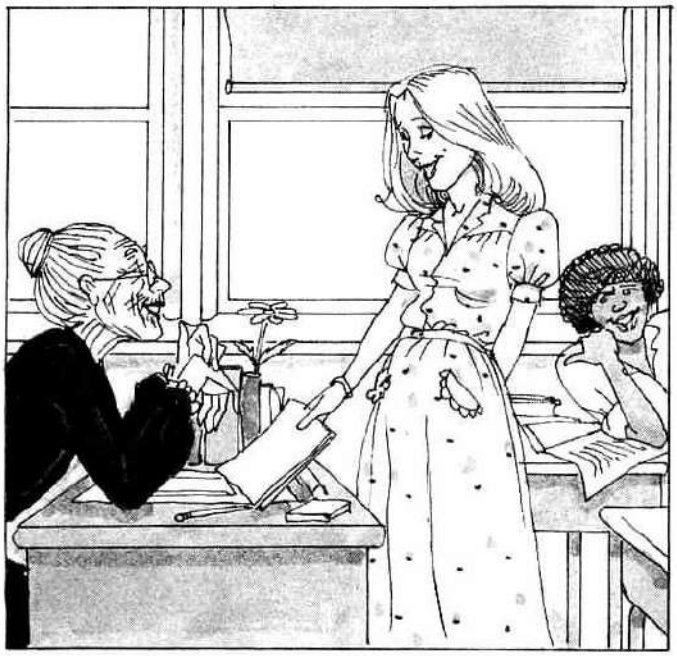
DO TEACHERS PET?

Listen— it's a well-known secret that most teachers have always secretly wanted to be parents, but for one reason or another, most of them have not been able to pull that off.

Therefore, first ascertain which sex your teacher happens to be a member of. Then, when this teacher calls upon you with a question, begin your answer by saying "Well, dad... er, I mean, sir..." or "Well, mom... er, I mean, ma'am..." depending of course on what your conclusion is concerning the sex of this teacher.



After you've purposely performed this particular Freudian slip six or seven times, your teacher will start to get the message. And that means it's time for you to really lay it on.

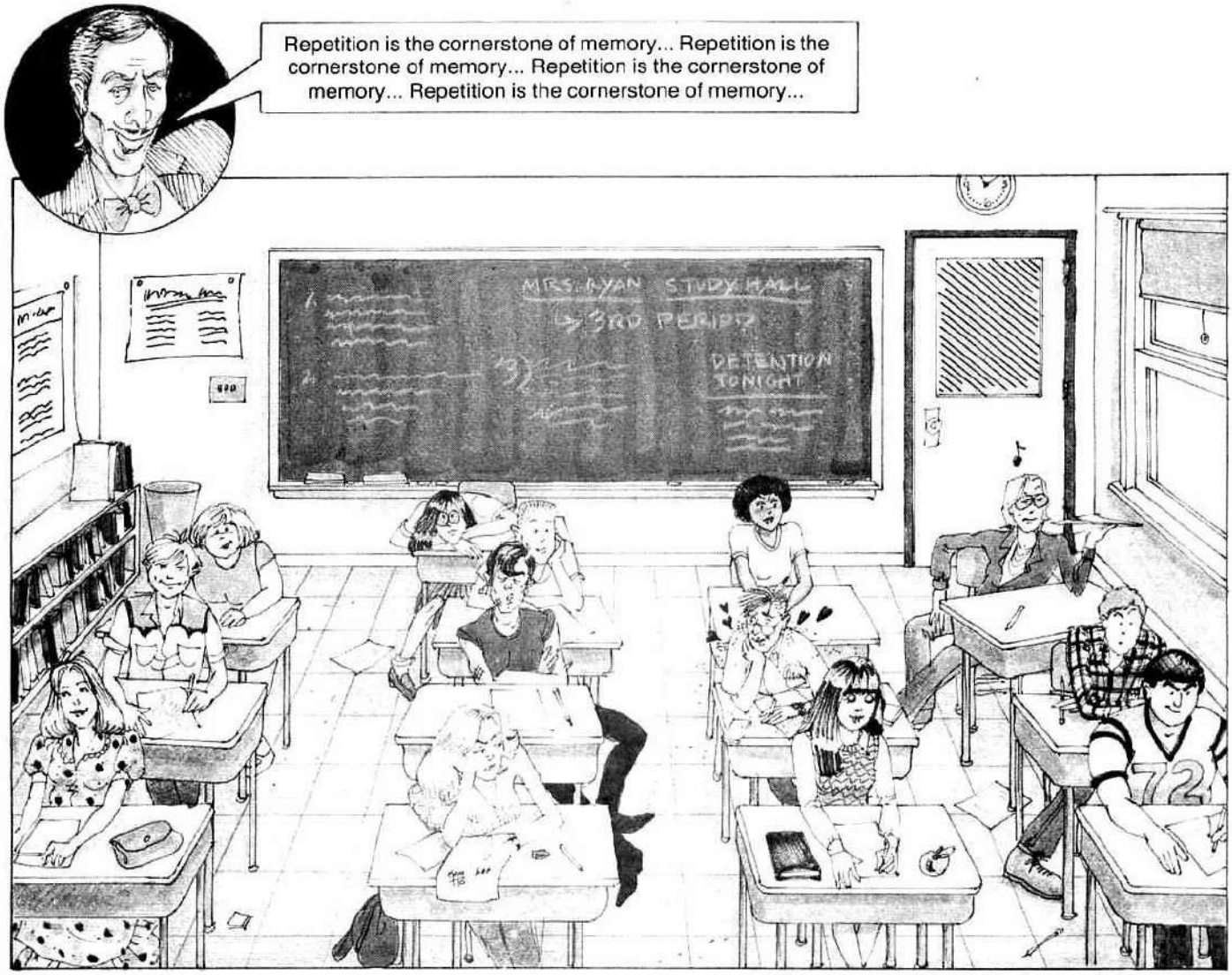


So start complaining to this teacher about your parents, while throwing in phrases like "Gee whiz, I sure wish my parents were more like you." Before you know it, you'll have it made.

Well, so far you've learned the basics. You've learned the walk and you've learned to talk, so to speak. And that's all well and good. But now it's time for us to get into specifics, to enter that compartmentalized realm in which you'll actually learn how to read, how to write, how to spell, how to math, and how to history. And, above all, how to do these things well, as well as how to do them effortlessly. But, before we get into any of that, here, without furthur ado, is your first quiz...

THIS ARTICLE IN REVIEW

Questions about what you've read so far



1. It is morning. You are getting ready for school. What is the most important item you must, by all means, remember to wear?
   a) a pair of extremely thick glasses
   b) your letter-sweater
   c) a rubber nose
   d) your pants

2. You are trying to get on the good side of your history teacher. Should you—
   a) take her an apple
   b) take her a banana daquiri
   c) ask her out on a date
   d) actually do your homework a couple of times

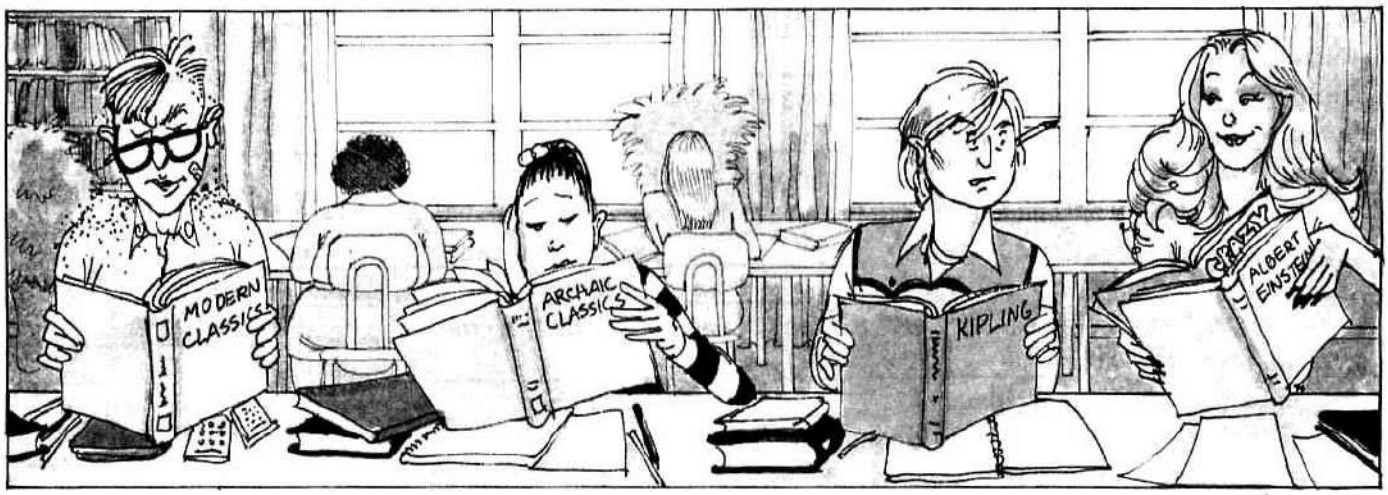
3. Your science teacher asks you what the difference is between a hydroelectric plant and a leper in a blue serge suit. You think maybe it's a joke— you know, like it's a riddle— but you're *not quite* sure. And, in any event, you haven't the faintest idea what the answer to a silly question like that might the heck ever be. So what then should you say in response to this question?
   a) "Gee, I don't know."
   b) "Gee, I don't know what I should say but I do know I shouldn't say 'Gee, I don't know.'"
   c) "Gee, what if I did say 'Gee, I don't know'"? That wouldn't hurt anyone, would it?
   d) No. Wait. What if I maybe tried to change the subject. How would that be?

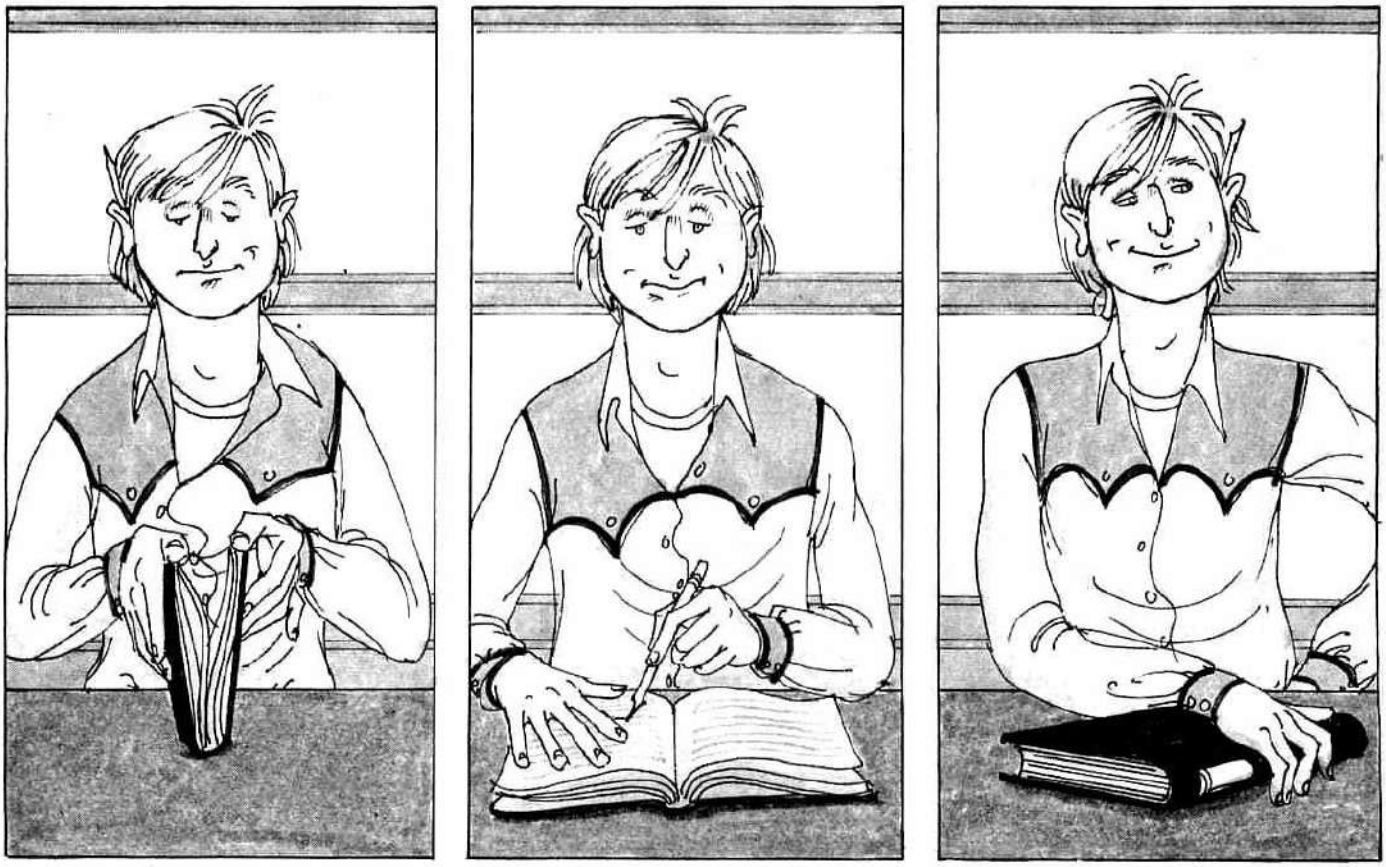
4. The bell rings at the end of math class, and you awaken to discover that you have suddenly gone blind. What should you do?
   a) panic
   b) freak out
   c) accept this as but your lot in life
   d) all of the above

HOW TO READ

Do you read slow? Well then, it's no wonder you never finish your homework assignments, what with all that reading your crummy teachers give you all the time. But, listen— we here at control central have a feeling you're going about this reading business all wrong anyway. After all, you still think it's important to read every single word of what you're supposed to read, don't you? C'mon, 'fess up— that is what you think isn't it? Well, in a word, you're wrong. In fact, not only do you not have to read every word, you don't even have to read every sentence... not once you learn the secrets of—

SIMPLIFIED SPEED READING





Here's how it works. And it's so simple even your younger brother could do it. Simply scan each page of what you're supposed to read, find the shortest sentence on each page, circle it with your trusty crayon, and then read it. In fact, it might be a good idea for you not only to read your chosen sentence, but memorize it as well.

And that's that.

Then when it comes time for class discussion on what you've supposedly read, you'll have at least one sentence per page to discuss and ask questions about. And, believe you us— that ought to be more than enough, especially considering how stupid your fellow students are.

So, go to it.

HOW TO WRITE

Throughout the history of education, reading and writing have gone rather hand-in-hand, as the saying goes. Consider, for example, that activity you are often asked to indulge in once you have finished reading a book— that activity known as writing a book report. They're not the easiest things in the world to write, are they? Or, at least, they never used to be easy. But from now on they'll be a snap to write, once you start making use of the universal book-report we now so graciously provide you with. It'll work for just about any book, and all you have to do is fill in the blanks...

BOOK REPORT ON_____

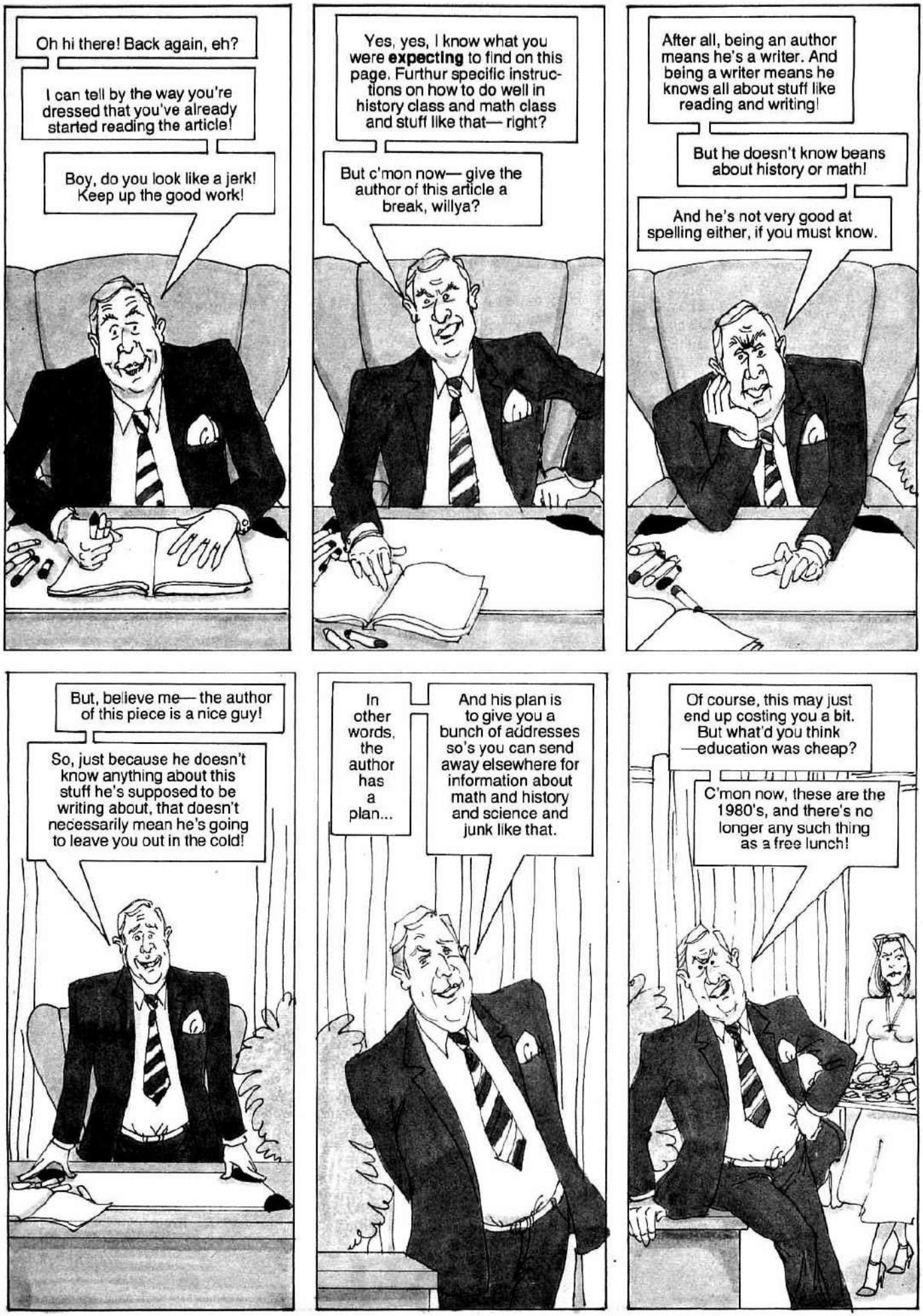
By_____ _____

As early as the first few pages of _____ _____, I was profoundly struck by the overwhelming power of _____ _____'s prose. His description of _____ in the _____ is indeed a passage which will greatly affect not only my _____, but also the manner in which I shall _____ my _____ _____ for the entire rest of my life. Truly, no greater praise can be given to a work of literature.

However, it is not until page _____ that this highly professional author introduces us to _____ _____, the provocative _____ who has won _____'s _____ _____. It is, in fact, only through the _____ and the _____ of this hearty and boisterous character that we are ultimately able to grasp the author's underlying message, for this _____, more than any of the other _____s whom _____ meets during his _____ ___, embodies the undying glories of _____, a form of _____ which could only be found in the _____ of yesteryear.

Obviously then, the author wishes us not only to understand but to actually feel the _____ as it once _____ed in the _____ of the _____. Such a _____ ___ of days gone by surely makes the _____ _____s of today seem little more than __ _____s on the _____ of a _____ in comparison.

As I finally reached the last paragraph of this book, then closed the covers and stared out of my _____ ___ window and into that glorious sunset which always follows the rain, I could not help but feel that _____ ___ _____ had made my life far more _____. I can only hope and pray that someday I will be able to _____ my _____ in much the same way that the characters in this elegant book were able to _____ theirs.

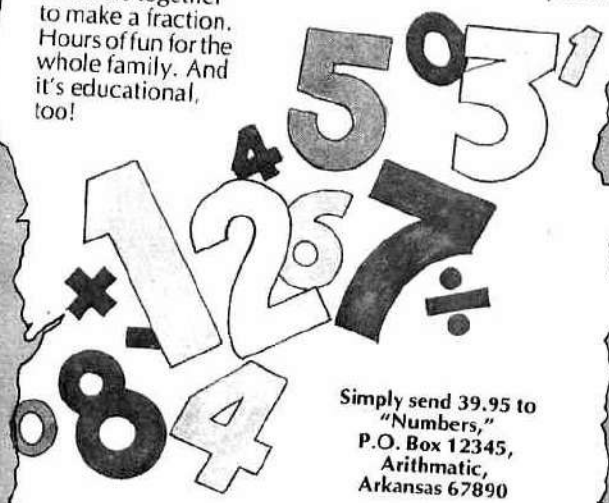

Oh hi there! Back again, eh?
I can tell by the way you're dressed that you've already started reading the article!
Boy, do you look like a jerk! Keep up the good work!
Yes, yes, I know what you were **expecting** to find on this page. Furthur specific instructions on how to do well in history class and math class and stuff like that— right?
But c'mon now— give the author of this article a break, willya?
After all, being an author means he's a writer. And being a writer means he knows all about stuff like reading and writing!
But he doesn't know beans about history or math!
And he's not very good at spelling either, if you must know.
But, believe me— the author of this piece is a nice guy!
So, just because he doesn't know anything about this stuff he's supposed to be writing about, that doesn't necessarily mean he's going to leave you out in the cold!
In other words, the author has a plan...
And his plan is to give you a bunch of addresses so's you can send away elsewhere for information about math and history and science and junk like that.
Of course, this may just end up costing you a bit. But what'd you think —education was cheap?
C'mon now, these are the 1980's, and there's no longer any such thing as a free lunch!

Nowadays, those who've always wanted something atop their shoulders use...

THE GET AHE

The Joy of Numbers

It's all here in this thrilling new book. How to add two numbers to get a third number. How to subtract one number from another to get an answer. How to put two numbers together to make a fraction. Hours of fun for the whole family. And it's educational, too!



Simply send 39.95 to "Numbers," P.O. Box 12345, Arithmatic, Arkansas 67890

Learn history from the man who was there, the man who did it all.

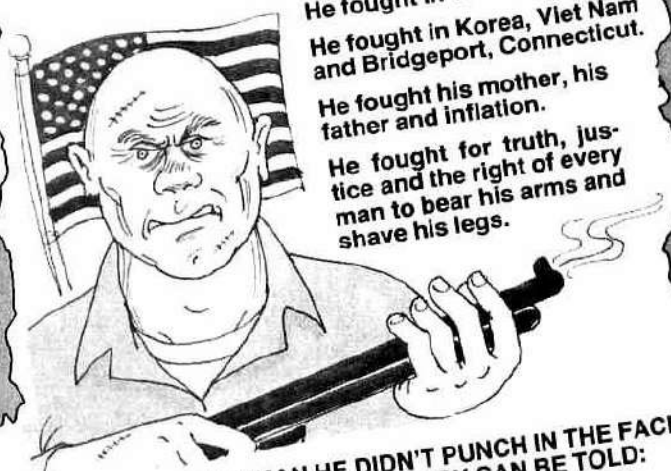
He fought in World War One.

He fought in World War Two.

He fought in Korea, Viet Nam and Bridgeport, Connecticut.

He fought his mother, his father and inflation.

He fought for truth, justice and the right of every man to bear his arms and shave his legs.



HE NEVER MET A MAN HE DIDN'T PUNCH IN THE FACE, AND NOW, AT LAST, HIS STORY CAN BE TOLD:

"I've Done It All and I'll Do It Again" by Al "Belligerent" Brown, PFC retired

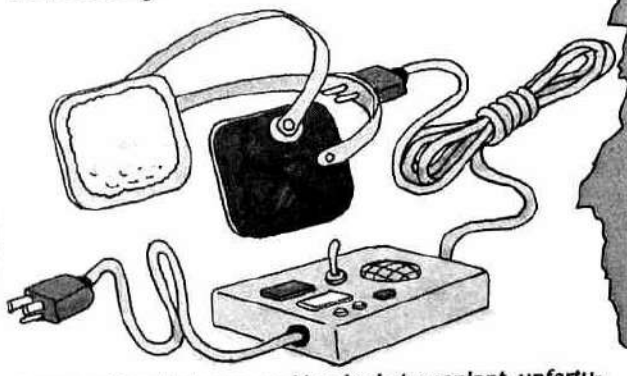
Send 7.95 for the book, 9.95 for the tape to "Kill," P.O. Box 4545. New Brunswick, Idaho

If you're interested in *Botany* – and who isn't? – you undoubtedly already know how truly fascinating leaves are! One can spend hours just staring at one leaf. But did you know that leaves also make thrilling conversation pieces? And they're a natural fuel source as well.

Rush 49.50 for a pile of leaves to "Leaves," P.O. Box 543, East Big Oaks, North West Virginia

Sure, that may seem like a lot to pay. But leaves don't grow on trees, y'know... ...er, no, wait a minute...

Do you have trouble concentrating? Does your mind wander? Do you often ask yourself, "What is reality?"



Sounds like what you need is a brain transplant. unfortunately, brain transplants are illegal in most states. Even California.

But now, at last, you can send away for the next best thing: A pair of blinders and one of our patented electronic thinking-aids. Just plug it into your brain-pan and suddenly you're another Einstein.

Send 37.29 to:

"Patented," P.O. Box 185, Big Brain, Montana

AD SHOPPER

If you want to learn about history, you've certainly come to THE RIGHT PLACE. But don't take our word for it. Rather, feast your eyes on but a few of the titles we publish:

ARISTOTLE, PLUTARCH AND SPILLANE, their similarities and differences

THE PALINDROME WARS

CRAMPS THROUGH HISTORY, a period piece

THE STORY OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA

ADOLPH HITLER'S FAVORITE WINES

HANOI AND THE BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS

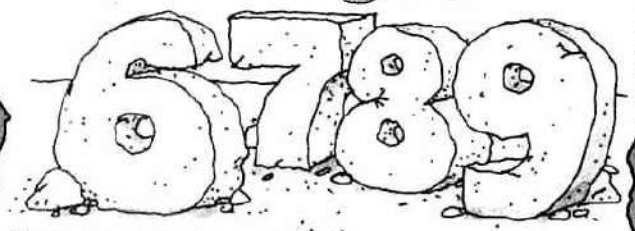
THE BITE OF MONSTERS

BEN FRANKLIN and the MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED COTTAGE

WORLD WAR TWO AND THE SECOND WORLD WAR, a comparison

And that's just the cream of the crop. Send now for our free catalog. Enclose seventeen dollars to cover handling and postage. "HISTORIES," Box 2, Bunk City, Arizona

"Fun with Numerals 6 through 9"



Those same madcap authors who gave you "Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Numerals 1 Through 5" now present the perfect book for those select few interested in higher mathematics. This colorful hand-tooled imitation-leather-bound book contains such interesting and informative chapters as:

"Fooling Around With Six"
"Things You Can Do With Seven"
"Have You Heard About Eight?" and
"That Number Nine And You"

Profusely illustrated by one of the publisher's nephews, this book makes a perfect Arbor Day gift.
Or, buy two and keep one for yourself.
Send 56.47 for each copy to our undisclosed address.

Wouldn't you like to have a computer in your own home?

You wouldn't?

Okay then, sorry we brought it up
But look — maybe someday you'll change your mind and want to have a computer after all.
So why don't you send for our catalog anyway?
Then when you change your mind and decide that you want a computer after all, you'll know where you can get one. Okay? No?
You're not even going to do that much?
Okay, if that's not the way you wanna be.
But just remember — when you're the *only* kid on your block who doesn't have his own computer, don't come crying to us.
We're "TAKING OVER," Box 001100, Robot City, Utah.

The next time you chop up a frog, wouldn't you rather do it right? Or, at least, learn something from doing it? Then what you need is...

Frog-O-Matic
the home biology kit

Teaches you everything you need to know about nature's little green folk.

Why use a penknife when you can make use of some of the same sort of tools utilized in the most prestigious animal torture labs throughout the world?
Who knows — this may be but your first step to becoming a famous scientist!

Frog-O-Matic — available at finer novelty shops everywhere.

AND IF ALL ELSE FAILS

...and by fails we **do** mean fail, as in getting terrible miserable grades and flunking every single course again and again and again...

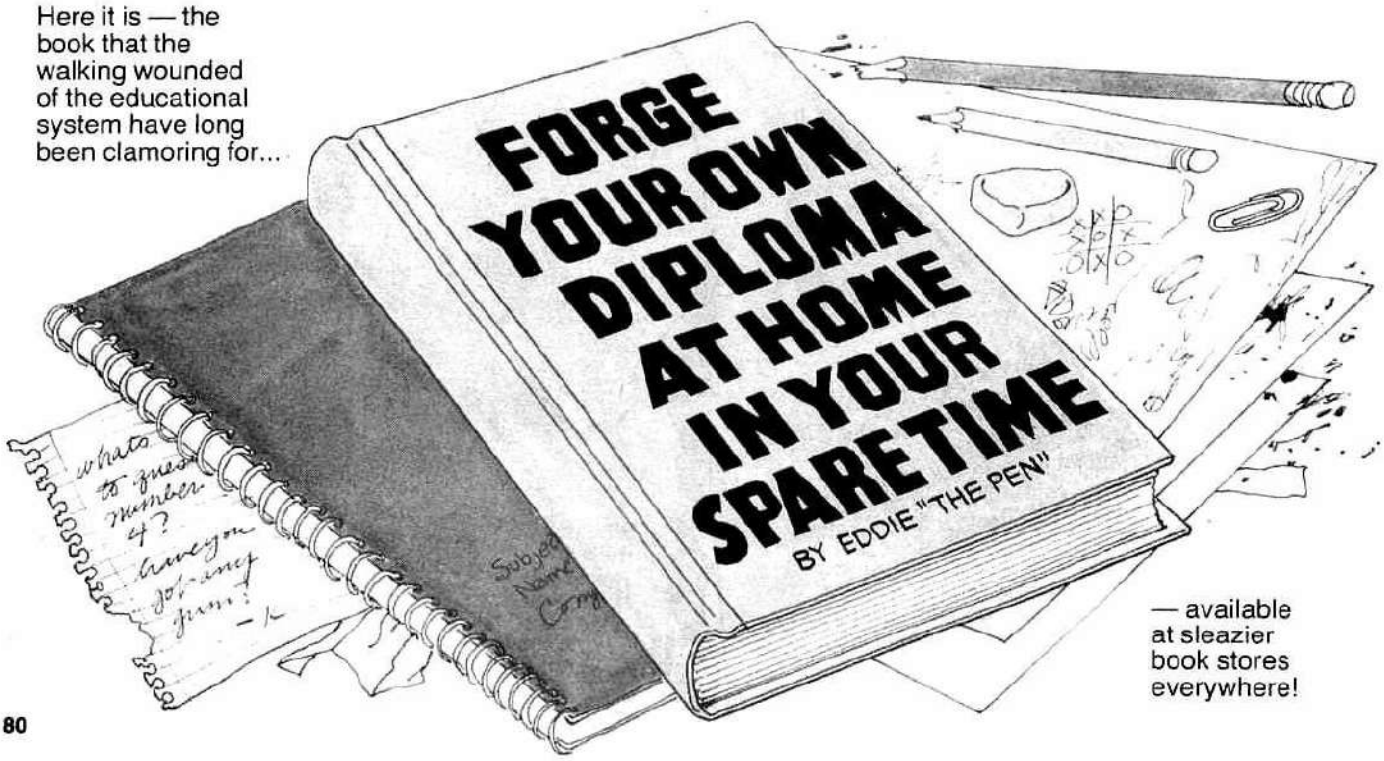
You say you colored your official CRAZY wide-awake eyes so poorly that they look like sleeping eyes and whenever you wear them your teacher thinks you're sleeping even when you're awake...

You say whenever you try to give a clever response to a question you don't know the answer to, you spout out something overwhelmingly ridiculous, like...

Well, if you're truly that supremely stupid, then there's only only one answer for the likes of you... and for that answer we must again return once again to...

THE GET AHEAD SHOPPER continued

Here it is — the book that the walking wounded of the educational system have long been clamoring for...



— available at sleazier book stores everywhere!

And there you have it, boys and girls — just about everything you need in order to —
Snerdley, I want a word with you!
Oh... uh... couldn't that wait awhile, boss? Right now I'm rather busy, talking to the readers!
Readers? What readers? What the hell are you talking about, Snerdley?
Have you lost your mind?
But why am I even **bothering** to ask you such a question? It's already perfectly obvious to me that you **have** lost your mind!
What other explanation could there be for these silly threatening letters to the Ford Motor Company and Cadence Industries — big important companies like that?
And what's the big idea of signing them in crayon... and drawing these stupid smile-button-faces all over the envelopes??
Well... well...I...
No, no! Don't bother to explain! Just get out of here!
In other words — you're fired, you inane overweight ninny!
Hmmph! Of all the—!
Oh well... don't worry about me, boys and girls! I may have lost this particular job...
...but I can always land myself some other big important position somewhere else! In fact, I can do just about anything I want...
...because, after all...
...I've got a diploma!

DRAW ME

IF YOU CAN DRAW THIS PICTURE YOU HAVE TALENT!

Send your picture, along with $400 to cover the cost of mailing and handling, to The Famous Counterfeiter's School and win a course worth 7½ to 10 in Federal Court!

- **Show your friends that you have talent! Initiative! Charm! An awful lot of nerve!**
- **Be the first kid on your block to get a guided tour of Lewisburg Penitentiary!**
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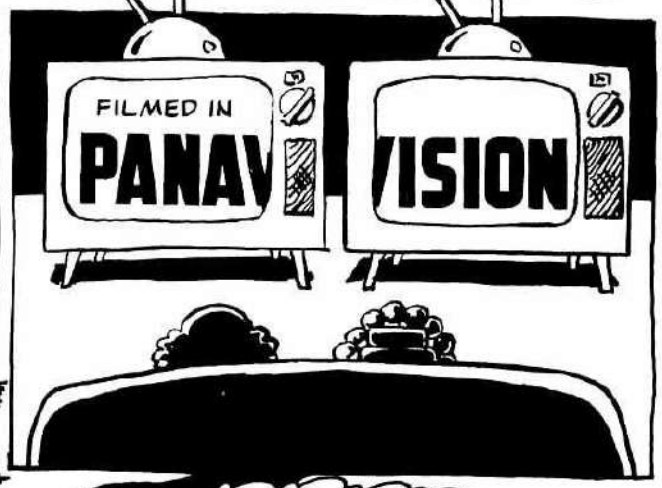

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